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THE SPHERE, FEBRUARY 16, 1946
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Vol. CLXXXIV No. 2404 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEBRUARY 16 1946

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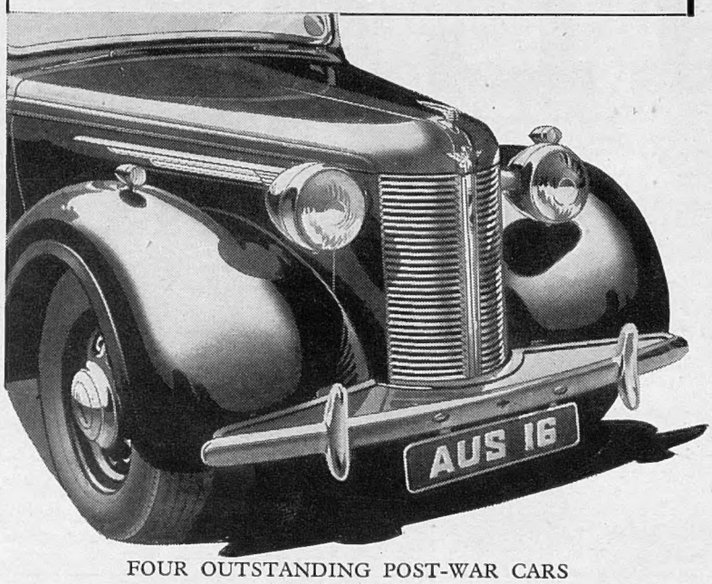

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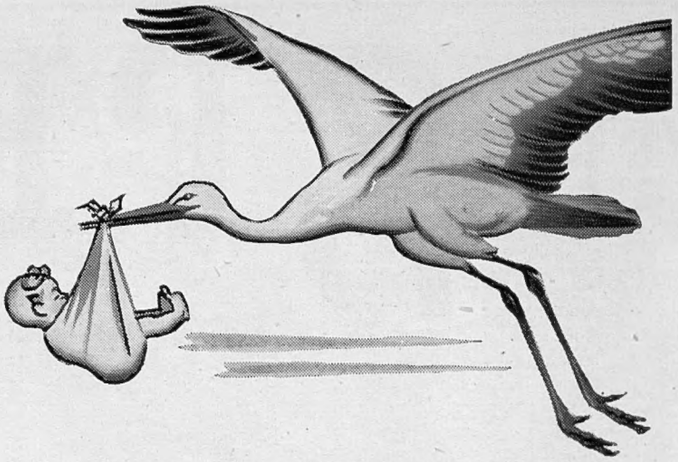

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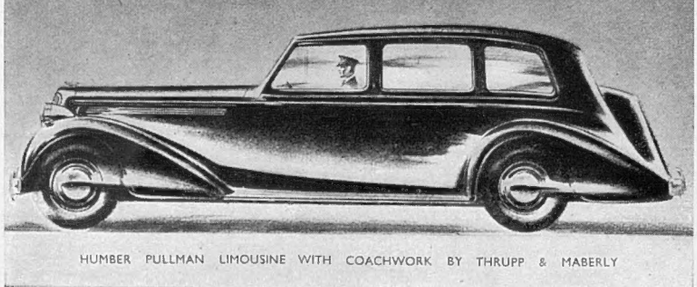

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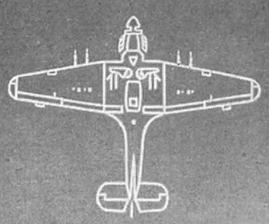

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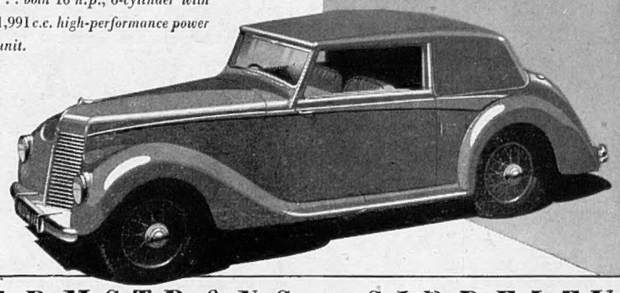

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Volume CLXXXIV No. 2404 The SPHERE, London, February 16, 1946

THE SPHERE
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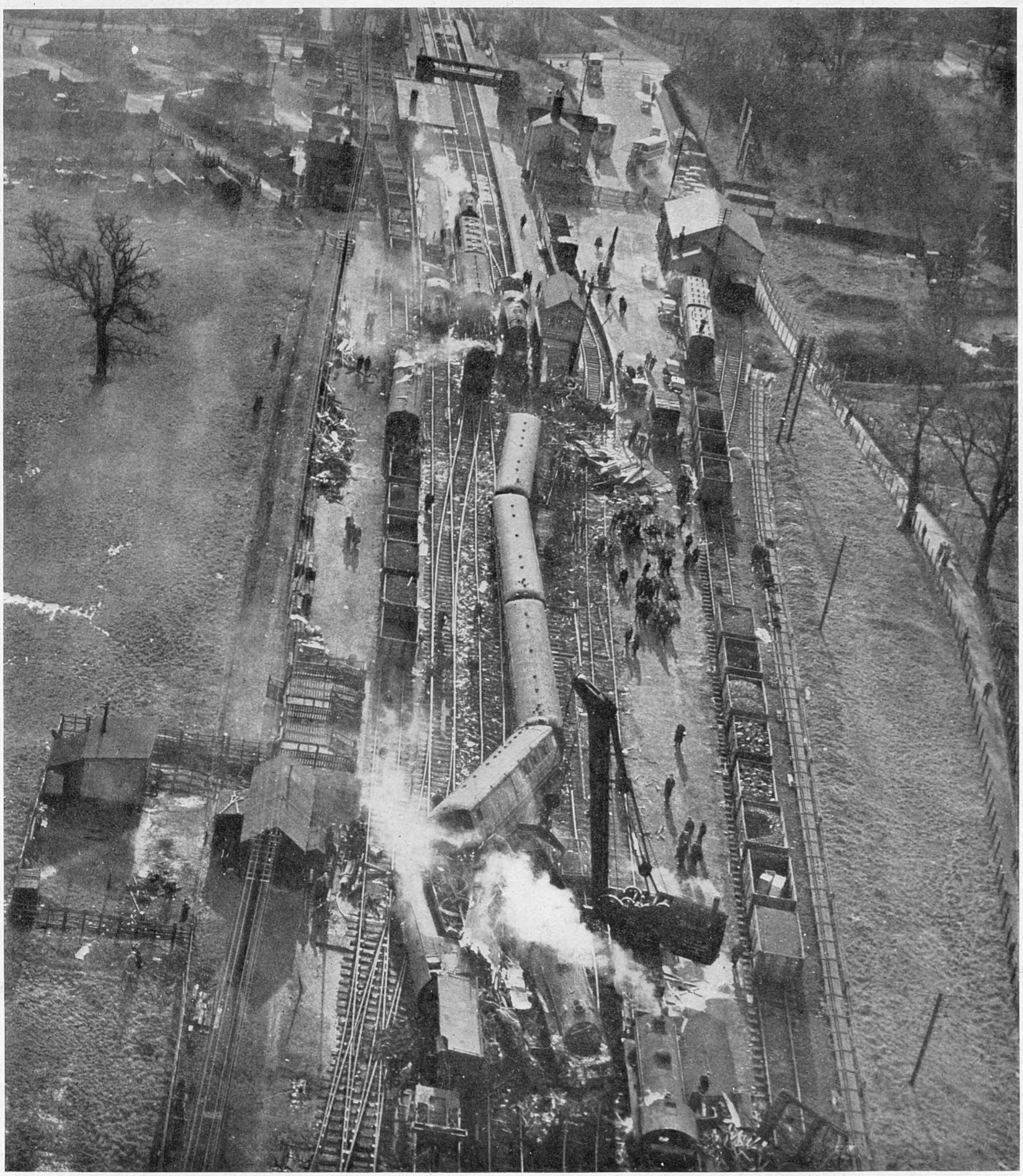

THREE TRAINS IN THE POTTERS BAR CRASH — A BREAKDOWN CRANE CLEARING THE WRECKAGE-STREWN MAIN LINE AFTER THE L.N.E.R. ACCIDENT LAST SUNDAY, when two passengers were killed, ten were injured, and all traffic was held up for twenty-four hours

But for the presence of mind of Signalman Baines, scores of passengers might have lost their lives in the triple rail crash on the main L.N.E.R. line at Potters Bar last Sunday night. When daylight came the scene bore all the aspect of a major disaster, and it was then found that three trains, not two as originally supposed, were involved in the crash. It appears that, while being shunted, the 9.32 p.m. Hatfield to London train hit the buffers at the end of Potters Bar platform, and its leading coaches were thrown in the path of the 9.45 p.m. King's Cross to Newcastle express. The express churned through the wreckage, causing great havoc, but the 5 p.m. Bradford to King's Cross express, approaching from the opposite direction, was fortunately slowed down by Signalman Baines, and through his action none of the coaches of the fast-braking Bradford express were derailed, although the engine toppled over amid the wreckage. Two people were killed and ten injured, and it took twenty-four hours to clear the line for normal working

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Powder Magazine.—

In my childhood I played in Kensington Gardens. In those Victorian days of peace and security we stood in awe of the Powder Magazine, guarded by sentries and holding, as our nurse told us, a lot of those mild explosives with which the little wars of those days were waged. A small building to hold so much power. When the United Nations assembled at Westminster, my mental picture of the Assembly was derived from that childhood memory. I saw the Church House as the old magazine, too small to hold the thousand million inarticulate folk who longed for peace and security ; only capable of admitting two or three chosen delegates from each group or block of millions to speak to that universal longing and to ensure peace. Outside, I saw the unnumberable millions waiting, watching. . . . Inside, I imagined the few mouthpieces, all determined to guard their tongues, sink all personal triumphs and national aims, and avoid by every means setting a spark to the explosive potentials. And so the affair seemed to open. A few weeks have gone by now. Real tests have come ; perhaps those tests have been overcome. The Assembly has not broken up or broken down. It goes on. But my mental picture must be scrapped. Outside, the millions still wait . . and hope. Inside, the restraints and discipline I imagined are set aside. Some of the delegates have been playing games with squibs and lighted matches. The old game of diplomacy has been revived, the *quid pro quo*, the face-saving formula, the lobbying, the smart retort, the bloc, the satellites, the threats, the sabre-rattling. And always the deadly propaganda, inside and outside. The enigma of Russia remains unsolved. No people needs peace more urgently. No nation, on the face of it, has less need of new territory, new suzerainty. Yet Russian statesmanship seems at Westminster to reveal a civilisation one hundred years behind the rest of the nations. The poison now being poured out by Russian agency against Britain ; the Greek "case" against Britain ; the Indonesian (sponsored by Russia), may be explained by the efforts being made by Russian statesmen to secure suzerainty in the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, but they afford no explanation nor proof that 200,000,000 Russians are behind these national aims or ask for anything but peace.

Good Out of Bad?—

Outside the magazine, in that waiting crowd of 1,000,000,000, is there a single man or woman who would risk security for an acre or a continent of new territory, for a diplomatic triumph ; who would think his own country or the world any the better off by the driving of a wedge between Britain and America, or Turkey and Britain, or Greece and Britain ? Not one Peace is all—peace, bread and the chance to live. In a word, after a few short weeks, one gets the view that, still as ever, they speak one language inside the Conference Room and another language outside. The game of power politics has all too soon enthralled them. They have forgotten their mission in the absorbing pursuit of diplomatic bargaining. And even in America a new Isolationism is sweeping in on the tide of industrial unrest and Russian tolerance in Far Eastern matters, suggesting the hideous possibility of the history of the League of Nations repeating itself. It is high time to outlaw squib-throwing in the magazine. But we dare not despair, and I will not end on a pessimistic note. I do indeed believe that good may come out of bad. There are signs that Russian statesmanship acknowledges, in the face of a frowning world, that it has not played the game at Westminster or outside, and has gone far outside the brief drafted by its own people. I look to a return to restraint and to some dilution of the poison stream of propaganda.

PLANNING TO SPEED UP OUR SOUTH AFRICAN AIR SERVICE : This specially-equipped Avro York air-liner set out last week from Hurn Airport, near Bournemouth, on a B.O.A.C. flight to Johannesburg in order to prove its capacity to operate a fast schedule on the South African route. The scheduled journey time was 39 hours 15 minutes, allowing for refuelling stops at Malta, Cairo, Khartoum and Nairobi. This compares with the present Springbok service operating to a schedule of 70 hours 45 minutes. The special version of the York sets a high standard of comfort. There are three roomy cabins, each with four seats that can be converted into bunks, and there is one stateroom in the rear. Leading from a foyer are dressing-rooms and toilets for men and women respectively, and there is a pantry containing two hot-boxes and a refrigerator. The cabins have been sound-proofed so well that normal conversation is possible in flight

Back to War Rations.—

The tale of the world's vital food stocks is a desperate one. The figures have come—quite suddenly—as a most unpleasant surprise, not only to the British public who listened to the Food Minister's dismal statement and to the Minister of Agriculture's clarion call to farmers to "*Grow more food*" ; but quite obviously to experts and pundits who should have gained at least a hint of things to come, at the end of last year. But at the end of last year, Sir Ben Smith was at least promising us "nothing worse," and only yesterday Mr. Attlee hinted that we deserved improvements of some kind, if only in variety. And now, after six months of peace, fats and eggs are practically knocked out of the picture for the housewife. There will be still less available with which to keep domestic poultry alive—for six years they have not had enough to induce them to breed layers or to lay eggs—and there is no promise of saving or restoring even 50 per cent. of the now cut dried-egg supplies. Here indeed is a breakfast-table bombshell for the housewife and for the farmer's wife also. And it will take some very persuasive arguments by the Socialist Ministers to bring the nation, which gave them their mandate, to accept the new austerity with a smile or only a shrug. Again, only an exuberant and very optimistic Minister of Agriculture to-day would venture —in the face of conditions confronting the farmers, such as ever rising wages, crippling controls, lack of fertilisers, tools, feeding-stuffs—to pull out that old slogan, "Grow more food." This bombshell is atomic in its shattering-power. Its effects are felt in Downing Street and the backyards of outer London.

The Vicious Circle.—

Warnings and directives are once more, as during the war, the first expedient of Ministers. Addressed to a war-weary nation in the grip of an influenza epidemic, under-nourished and shockingly housed, these warnings sometimes seem to be a counsel of despair, a confession of failure ; and they are quite certainly absurd instances of circling the vicious circle. Thus Attlee makes the obvious point that there can be no higher standard of living without hard work, and no social security without punctual payment of heavy premiums. And Shinwell, reviewing his own stricken (coal) field, declares that food depends on coal, and coal on hard work. And Cripps relates export figures to the national capacity to endure long hours in this "transition" period from war to peace, while factories and satellite towns are being planned, and unemployment is already rising to danger-point. The vicious circle ? Which came first, the egg or the chicken ? Food depends on coal, but, alas ! coal-getting depends on food, the energiser. Inadequately fed, ill-housed, ill-provided with modern tools, the miner's output continues to fall, and, as it falls, so falls his coal-getting potential, the health and energy which adequate food alone can supply. These are facts, world facts, crippling facts. No one suggests that our Government can alter them in a matter of weeks or months. But it *is* reasonable to suggest that warnings and moral saws addressed to the public cut no ice at all, and serve only to reveal in all its hideous outline the vicious circle into which world wars have flung us and all civilisation.

Wet and Warm and Windy.

—My five-year diary—now four years old—informed me that on February 4, 1945 I experimentally let out what I am pleased to call my "central heating," and that I never needed it again until November. So sultry was the weather last February and April. And (but for the wind the rain) I might make the experiment again this fourth day of February, 1946. But I cannot expect history to repeat itself. Last spring was abnormal. It was often bitter cold and snowy in the Februaries of '44 and '43. My five-year diary tells me another thing. The recent non-stop dose of gales with rain from south-west lasted longer and was more continuous and severe than any such stormy phase I have recorded at any season of any year. Depressing, distressing, disgusting ? You're telling me. When your house is roofed and your eaves covered with the rusty sides of old petrol tins beaten flat and nailed into rotting laths—for lack of a tiler—you are inclined to view with a jaundiced eye the wind which loosens, and the rain which drives through, your amateur defences. Well, Valentine's day has come. What was happening on recent Valentine's days ? How short is human memory ! February 14, 1943. "As mild as May in England. The Russians were capturing Rostov." February 14, 1944 "Dull and chilly and dry. The Russians were advancing at Peipus." February 14, 1945. "A lovely May Day. Churchill in Greece." February 14, 1946. Russians advancing at Central Hall. Snow or June weather at home ?

Open Your Gardens.—

My annual reference to the National Gardens Scheme is due. As you know, the proceeds of these charming social occasions go to the Queen's Institute and the County Nursing Associations. They never needed funds more urgently than now. I get a jab to the jaw whenever I venture to contrast the Scot favourably with the Englishman. But facts are facts and my jaw is hard. In 1945 Scotland raised £15,000 by the Gardens Scheme ; and England and Wales only £4,000. England must wake up ! The gardens, large and small (and none is too small), are already getting back to order. Paths are reappearing where scrub and weeds flourished, and flowering shrubs and lawns are replacing cabbage patches. Your garden has only to be seen to be appreciated. How to tempt visitors ? Offer them tea, and produce stalls—flowers, fruit, vegetables ; that will bring the visitors and your garden will do the rest. Apply now to your County Organising Secretary, National Gardens Scheme, for the forms of application and throw your garden open on a day appropriate to your amenities. You, your gardener, your visitors and your County Nursing, all will benefit, and Scotland's proud head must be humbled. And do not be too humble yourself. Every little helps. In Sussex individual receipts ranged from £64 (Stansted Park) down to 8s. 6d. Every penny is welcome. There are signs of spring in the air. The chaffinches are singing, the *pirus japonica* is flowering, the daffodils are pushing up. The year is turning and the earth is stirring, and the sun grows warmer.

Strikers and Rioters.—

I like to think that THE SPHERE circulates widely (I know it is only a question of paper supplies) among those nations which chiefly indulge in the primitive sports of rioting, striking and street-fighting. Among peoples with even the most primitive education, the most rustic sense of humour, there must be something salutary and corrective in those photographs of street riots so splendidly reproduced week after week. The scenes depicted are so closely paralleled in pictures of Zoo monkey-houses. The passionate partisan, the bold sniper, flag-waver or grenade thrower, if he has any education, must surely be given pause when he sees himself as the camera sees him, a chattering monkey, a blue-bottomed, pathetic, rather disgusting baboon, the contempt of the adult and the prime instance of indignity and absurdity in the nursery. These photographs would make a superb propaganda film, which should be widely distributed for general release, where most needed.

THE OLD STAGER

THE RIVER DEE BURSTS ITS BANKS AT SHOCKLACH, NEAR WREXHAM: An aerial view of the marooned village showing the main street completely inundated and the flood-waters spreading far and wide across the country. This picture typifies conditions during last week-end throughout the Cheshire, Stafford and North Wales flood area, where communications have been largely disrupted in many towns and villages, and extensive relief measures have had to be put into operation

FLOOD HAVOC ON THE WELSH BORDER

Many Towns and Villages Marooned

THE RISING OF THE RIVER SEVERN—WORCESTER RACE-COURSE BECOMES A LAKE, AND THE FLOOD-WATERS ARE WHIPPED BY A 60-M.P.H. GALE: An impression of conditions in the Severn Valley, where the floods are declared to be the worst within living memory. For 40 miles above Shrewsbury the Severn Valley is an inland lake, and main roads between Welshpool, Newtown and Oswestry have all been deep in water At some points electricity and gas supplies have been affected

As the scientists predicted, the period of sunspot maximum brought in its train gales of extraordinary violence, and the torrential rain which fell towards the end of last week caused serious flooding in the Severn, Dee, Trent and Soar valleys. Mid-Wales and Cheshire were the areas hardest hit, and at Northwich the local Council had to issue an appeal for clothing, furniture and household goods after the flood-waters had wrought destruction in many of the town's small shops. As a result of the rise in the River Dee, which flooded a 40-mile stretch from Bala to Bangor-on-Dee, many people in Bala were marooned, and police and civilian helpers had to work waist deep in water to carry provisions to invalids and children trapped in the upper rooms of houses. By last Sunday many of the floods had begun to subside, but the danger of renewed flooding had not passed and further heavy rain threatened

FROM WORLD TROUBLE CENTRES

Greece, India, Gibraltar and Palestine

ATHENS COMMEMORATES THE BRITISH DEAD: General Scobie, the British C.-in-C. in Greece, and Archbishop Damaskinos, the Greek Regent, seen after the unveiling of the memorial to British troops killed in the civil war in 1945. The ceremony took place as Mr. Bevin was answering before the Security Council of U.N.O. the Soviet charges that British troops in Greece are a menace to peace and order

SHOULDERING A HEAVY BURDEN IN GREECE: General Scobie, the British C.-in-C., leaving after the unveiling in Athens of the British memorial to our troops who died in the fighting last year. Members of the Greek Church and many citizens of Athens attended the ceremony, thus adding weight to the statements of the Grecian representative at U.N.O., who declared last week, in answer to the Soviet charges against Britain: "As for the presence of British troops in Greece, they are welcome, and they came at the invitation of the Greek Government at the moment of one of the worst civil wars in the country's history. I beg the Council," he concluded, "not to lose a sense of proportion by giving to incidents an exaggerated importance." At the same time, the Greek Foreign Affairs Commission adopted a resolution expressing the desire of all Greek political parties, except the Communists and E.A.M., to see British forces remain in the country

GREEK YOUTH PAYS HOMAGE AT THE GRAVES OF BRITISH DEAD: Carrying British and Greek flags, these young people, some of whom were wearing national costume, gathered for the unveiling at Athens of the memorial to British troops who died in Greece during the civil war. Their very presence was testimony to the general feeling in Greece towards General Scobie's forces. Further confidence in Britain was shown at the time of the Soviet attacks before the Security Council, when the town of Missolonghi, which in 1824 elected Lord Byron its first honorary citizen, granted citizenship to Mr. Bevin, Britain's Foreign Secretary, "as a token of gratitude for services rendered to Greece"

***On left*—THE CONGRESS PARTY CELEBRATES "INDEPENDENCE DAY": Young members of the Party carrying banners and flags in the big procession which took place in Bombay on January 26 and which passed off without the expected incidents.** During the previous few days there had been rioting throughout the city, with a death-roll of twenty-two and many hundreds of people receiving injuries in clashes with the police. The Congress Party made repeated attempts to curb the unruly mobs, and it was evident that much of the trouble was emanating from an irresponsible and very youthful hooligan element

GIBRALTAR REGISTERS INDIGNATION—A PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION IN JOHN MACKINTOSH SQUARE TO PROTEST AGAINST THE DELAY IN THE REPATRIATION OF GIBRALTAR EVACUEES NOW LIVING IN NORTHERN IRELAND : A mass meeting that coincided with the visit to the Rock of Mr. G. H. Hall, the Colonial Secretary

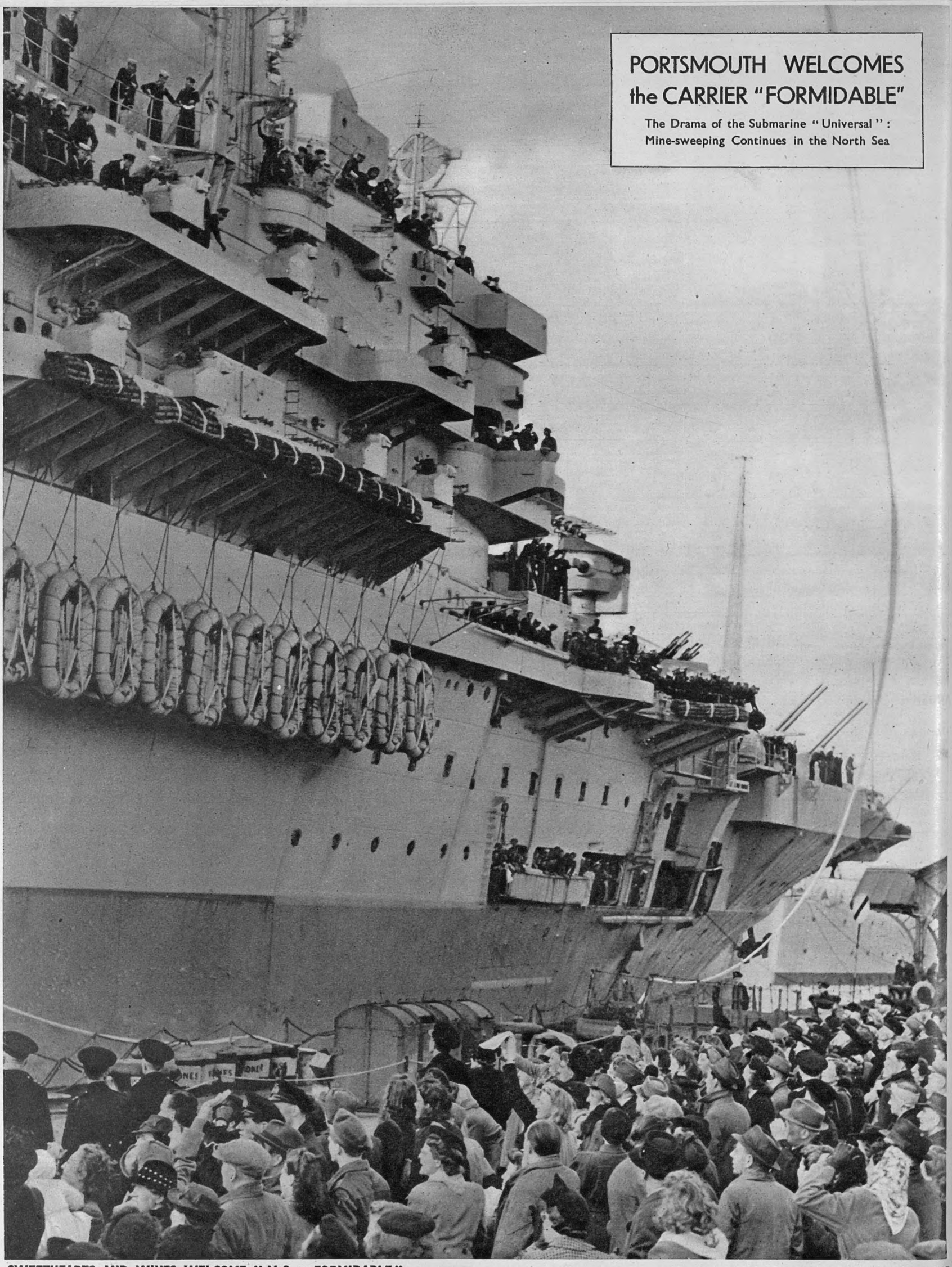
On January 29 citizens of Gibraltar took advantage of the visit of the Colonial Secretary to air a very strong grievance, and when Mr. Hall landed on the Rock there was a great gathering in John Mackintosh Square demanding an explanation of the delay in repatriating Gibraltar evacuees who have spent the war years in Northern Ireland. About 1,400 persons are understood to be involved. According to the Colonial Office, the reason for the delay is because the Rock is not yet on a full-time peace basis, and has a pronounced housing shortage

THE CRISIS CONTINUES IN PALESTINE : A Jewish N.A.A.F.I. worker has her credentials examined at a British military post on the borders of the curfew area in Allenby Square, Jerusalem. Conditions throughout the country have lately shown little improvement, and while the Palestine Commission of Inquiry seeks a formula for the future, terrorists of both sides continue their isolated attacks. On February 5 there was another attack on the Safad police headquarters, while on the following day a British officer was killed near Jaffa in a raid on a military camp

A CHRISTIAN ARAB IS INTERROGATED IN THE JERUSALEM CURFEW AREA : An incident in the great round-up that followed the terrorist attacks on the Palestine Broadcasting Station in Queen Melisande's Way. Of recent weeks the curfew has had to be reimposed on more than one occasion, and rigorous house-to-house searches have been conducted. Clashes between Arab and Jewish forces are said to have increased since the return of one of the exiled Arab leaders from Africa

PORTSMOUTH WELCOMES the CARRIER "FORMIDABLE"

The Drama of the Submarine "Universal": Mine-sweeping Continues in the North Sea



SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES WELCOME H.M.S. "FORMIDABLE"—A CHEERFUL HOMECOMING FOR THE CREW AS THE GREAT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER DOCKS AT HER HOME PORT ON RETURN FROM THE FAR EAST: The vessel, with her towering superstructure, comes alongside the quay at Portsmouth thus completing a remarkable record of service in foreign waters

H.M.S. *Formidable*, the 23,000-ton aircraft-carrier which played such a prominent part in the Mediterranean war and later became one of our main striking forces against Japan, was given a great reception when she arrived at Portsmouth on February 5, many relatives and friends of the crew lining the dock in order to give them a welcome. The *Formidable* left England in September 1944, and in 1945 her planes had the distinction of being the first British carrier-borne aircraft to operate over the mainland of Japan. Early next month the *Formidable* will probably be returning to the Pacific on a trooping voyage, but meanwhile her crew have the opportunity of some well-earned leave. Captain Anthony Kimmins, R.N., has recently told the story of *Formidable's* remarkable performance in the Pacific, particularly during the suicide attacks of May 4, 1945, when, despite her injuries, she still kept her place with the Fleet.

ANOTHER DRAMA OF THE SEA—THE ABERYSTWYTH AND FISHGUARD LIFEBOATS RESCUE THE MEN OF THE SUBMARINE "UNIVERSAL" IN CARDIGAN BAY: A picture taken from the air during the 70-m.p.h. gale through which the crew battled before abandoning ship

The drama of the submarine *Universal* had a happy ending after all, though it appeared at one time that she would be driven on to the rocks of Cardigan Bay and that all her crew might be lost. As a result of engine failure the submarine was being taken in tow by the destroyer *Southdown*. Unfortunately the tow-rope broke, and the *Universal* was left drifting helplessly in the heavy seas off the Welsh coast, the 70-m.p.h. gale driving her steadily towards the rocks in Cardigan Bay. The *Southdown* sent out an SOS, but on two occasions the *Universal's* crew refused to abandon ship, declining the help of the lifeboats. After battling for forty-eight hours, during which one of the crew was washed overboard but saved, the men were eventually taken off in safety. It was later revealed that during their ordeal the crew formed a bucket-baling chain and tenaciously attempted to effect repairs. The twenty-four ratings and four officers had enough rations for only a few days to cover the trip from Ireland to Newport, Mon., where the *Universal* was to have been scrapped

THE WAR AGAINST MINES IN THE NORTH SEA—CLEARING OUR COASTAL FISHING-GROUNDS IN SQUALLY WEATHER: An American-built minesweeper, of the type which did such fine work in the Atlantic during the war; making for her base at Lowestoft at the end of an arduous spell of duty. Mines still abound in the North Sea, and this work will, of course, have to go on until the fishing-grounds are rendered absolutely safe. Most of the minesweepers are based on Lowestoft, the port from which so many of our "little ships" operated at the time of E-boat warfare

THE ENTRY OF THE CARDINALS

Thirty-two Cardinals are Created Simultaneously and the Sacred College is Further Internationalised

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WERE our newspapers of pre-war size, Monday's Consistory at the Vatican would be written about and photographed as a first-class "splash" story. It is an occasion unique in the Roman Church since the Council of Trent, 400 years ago. Not since then have as many as thirty-two new cardinals been made simultaneously, or the Sacred College been brought to full strength of seventy at a bound. But this Consistory goes farther than that—much. Pope Pius XII is internationalising the Roman Church to a degree never before dreamt of, and placing the Italian cardinals in a distinct minority (28 against 42) for the first time in history.

A foreign Pope for the first time since—is it the eighteenth century?—becomes a strong likelihood (probably a North or South American), while in certain eventualities the See of Peter itself might be removed to the New World. And that brings me to the biggest aspect of the lot. This internationalising of Rome's Catholicism has been undertaken to offset the world growth of the Church's most powerful opponent, Communism. Not a few find and aver that the two greatest Internationals in the world to-day are moving to a head-on collision.

Statements I shall quote do nothing to remove that dread prospect, and it is just as well that the people of this country should grasp the fact. Not only because other Christian denominations may be drawn in as time goes on—the Communists having begun by picking out the strongest Church. Only in rare cases outside the sectarian Press do the newspapers of the United Kingdom handle, much less comment on, news that is at once religious and controversial, and the B.B.C. not at all. There has been a tacit agreement to "keep religion out of the papers, because you always offend somebody and lose readers."

United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, Poland, Armenia, China, Hungary, Holland and Portuguese Empire one each; United States four; South and Central America six; Germany three; France three; Italy four; Spain two. This selection shows the hand of the former politician who was Mgr. Pacelli, for many years Nuncio in Bavaria, and it was very soon specifically challenged.

The Russians see a move against them in Armenia, which they are courting in their own forceful way, while it is claimed that the German creations wear an anti-Soviet aspect and were not justified by the bearing, under the Nazis, of Bishops Preysing, of Berlin, and Galen, of Munster, for, with the exception of Cardinal Faulhaber, the other German prelates were not conspicuous for their resistance. Cardinal Innitzer, of Vienna, even welcomed Hitler with a *heil*!

are crowded for three reasons besides genuine piety: (*a*) vast numbers under the Nazi regime had to quit Church membership to hold their jobs, and so everyone not now on the list of Church taxpayers may brand themselves as pro-Nazis; (*b*) it is sound policy to show oneself devout in so religiously imbued a command as Montgomery's and MacNarney's; (*c*) as occurred during the first phase of the 1919 Occupation, churches are found to be excellent camouflage, the only places uncontrolled, where planners and plotters for to-morrow's resistance can meet.

To proceed with the criticism, *Izvestia* makes a special set at Dr. Griffin, of Westminster. Wrote Dimitiy Petrov: "Griffin acquired notoriety by his slanderous speeches against Russia, even during the struggle of the British and Russian peoples with Nazi Germany. He opposed the Yalta agreements regarding Poland, and openly supported the traitors of General Anders' band. He repeatedly spoke against the peoples of democracies in liberated countries."

Archbishop Spellmann, of New York, is likewise assailed as a "slanderer" of Russia, and the unusual number of Red Hats is described, in general, as a manœuvre to extend "the reactionary Vatican influence over a wide area, notably the Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American countries." However much Rome's Catholicism tries to come down to democracy, its very essence can only be reactionary, and this is intermittently shown by the company which the Vatican seeks to "push" or inwardly wishes well to—Leopold III, unwanted Pretenders like Otto and Juan, and Humbert and his papa. Above all, the Roman Church's continued role as one of the two chief buttresses of Franco, is stigmatised.

For its part, the Paris *Humanité* attacked the new Cardinals of Rennes and Rouen, who, it is alleged, were *Pétainistes*. "These two well-known Vichyites have received special honours from the Holy See, and thus the Vatican is condemning the entire policy supported by the French people. And how, indeed, could we have expected anything else from the Vatican, which is supporting the efforts of clerical Fascism in all countries." Having discussed Spain, Portugal and Argentina, *Humanité* concludes in downright vein: "The peoples did not fight against Fascism that it might appear in a new edition devised by the Vatican."

Next a very significant thing: the Russian Orthodox Church has become part and parcel of the Communist offensive against the Vatican. This Church has been wooed by Anglicans more than Romans; both may now take note of its uncompromising stand. The Vatican especially "wants to leave on earth Fascist manhating, anti-Christian teaching and its propagators." Vatican machinations are directed towards rallying the enemies of Russia and weakening the structure of peace by bedevilling relations between the Soviet Union and her Allies.

Need I say that the Vatican stoutly denies this? Why, a constant stream of denials and counter-charges appears in the *Osservatore*. The following, which repeated nine times over "*Pravda* lies," gives a condensed idea: the Pope has always dealt with Marxist Socialism outspokenly whenever he felt it necessary to denounce materialism and hatred against Catholicism; the Pope denies asking for the liberation of war criminals; the Pope condemned Nazism in an encyclical, and *Pravda* lies yet again in asserting that the Vatican helped to prepare the civil war in Spain.

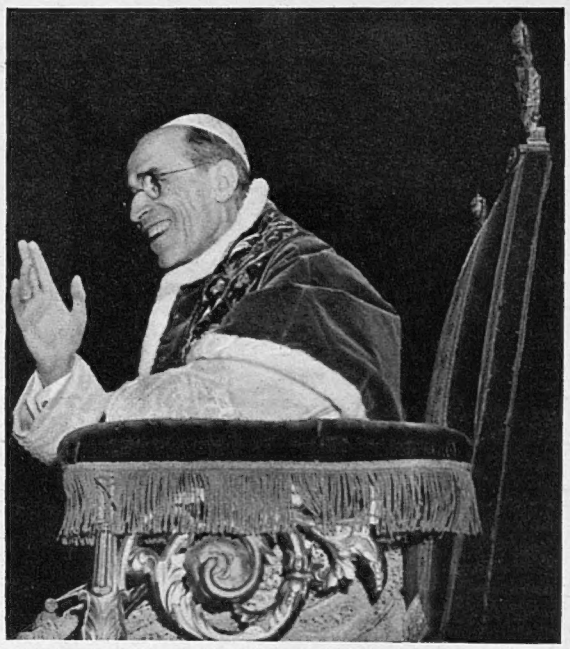
Coming to the present, the Pope's paper justifies widespread work for a closer drawing together *of all Christians* (my italics) by the manner in which they were able "serenely to cohabit in concentration camps in an atmosphere of universal hatred."

In Italy itself the head-on butting is producing a situation that could decide the future location of the Vatican. According to Italian Communists, "the time will have to come when the Roman Catholic Church will come to terms with Communism in its new guise of an international democratic republican movement. Already International Socialism has forced the Catholic Church to abandon its purely Italian character."

The pith of the clash appears in news announced by Vatican radio that the Party of the Christian Left has been dissolved. "This so-called movement of Catholic Communists arose during the partisan fight. It had been a subject of concern, but its [liberating] intentions had been above reproach, and so the Vatican had refrained from condemning it outright." Actually, one of the heroes of the Catholic partisans was Cardinal Boetto, of Genoa, who has just died.

I summon your special attention to the Vatican's attitude to Catholics who found themselves in vibrant accord with Communists of the various Resistance movements, because the position of non-strict Catholics sympathising with much in Communism is producing a sort of spiritual no-man's land in divers quarters. Particularly in France, more and more young Catholics cannot tear themselves from what Sir Cyril Norwood has called "the new faith."

I conclude with two wireless comments: "Not only may the Pope's successor come from the New World, but a Communist revolution in Italy might compel the removal of the Papacy thither." This from Paris commentator Benazet. And this from Madrid commentator Alonso: "The 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States pay more contributions than all the other Catholics in the world put together—always a sign of active faith." After mentioning that Anglo-Saxons have priests who wear trousers and play football, Alonso ends: "No one could be surprised if the next Pope were American."



POPE PIUS XII, WHO IS INTERNATIONALISING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH: A recent picture of the Holy Father as he was carried on his portable throne and blessed 35,000 children in the Basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, when they forgathered to give thanks for the rations they had received through U.N.R.R.A. By the creation of thirty-two new cardinals, thus bringing the Sacred College to full strength, the Pope has placed the Italian Cardinals in a distinct minority

CARDINALS DESIGNATE: Archbishop Gilroy, of Sydney, and Archbishop Griffin, of Westminster, both of whom will attend next Monday's Consistory at the Vatican, seen together in London following Archbishop Gilroy's arrival by plane from Australia. Dr. Gilroy has had a remarkably varied career. At fifteen he worked in the Australian postal service, and during the last war he was a radio operator, being present at the Gallipoli landings in 1915. He took orders in 1917, and at the age of thirty-nine became Bishop of Port Augusta. Archbishop Griffin, who succeeded the late Cardinal Hinsley at Westminster in 1944, was born in Birmingham forty-seven years ago, and he was ordained in 1924. He will be one of the youngest of the new Cardinals

AN EARLY ARRIVAL IN ROME: Monsignor MacGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, talking with two Sisters at the Convent of the Precious Blood shortly after he reached the Vatican. Monsignor MacGuigan is one of five new Cardinals chosen from North America to make up a very international body

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT READS AN OPEN LETTER TO THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD : A document that was later signed by the women delegates and advisers of the First Assembly of U.N.O. at this gathering at Church House, Westminster. On the immediate left of Mrs. Roosevelt is Miss Ellen Wilkinson, representative of the United Kingdom, and on the right are Miss Minerva Bernardino (Dominican Republic) and Mrs. Evdokia Uralova (Byelo-Russia). The open letter called on women everywhere to take an active part in national and international affairs, affirming that the peace and happiness of the world depend upon their co-operation. Mrs. Roosevelt has been intensely active during her stay in London, and, as ever, has found time to continue her journalistic feature, "My Day"

A SOVIET HEROINE AT WESTMINSTER : Lieut. Nina Baiskova, the only woman soldier serving on the Military Committee of U.N.O., pictured with two of her Russian colleagues. Lieut. Baiskova served with the Russian Army in the front line and recently was decorated for the heroic part she played in the defence of Moscow in the desperate days of 1941 and 1942 when the German forces, attacking through Tula, sought to encircle the city

LISTENING TO MRS. ROOSEVELT : Miss Minerva Bernardino, of the Dominican Republic, and Miss C. I. Rolfe, of the United Kingdom, hear the broadcast to the women of the world which seventeen women delegates to U.N.O. signed at Church House, Westminster. The letter calls upon women to "come forward and share in the work of peace and reconstruction"

The WOMEN of U.N.O.

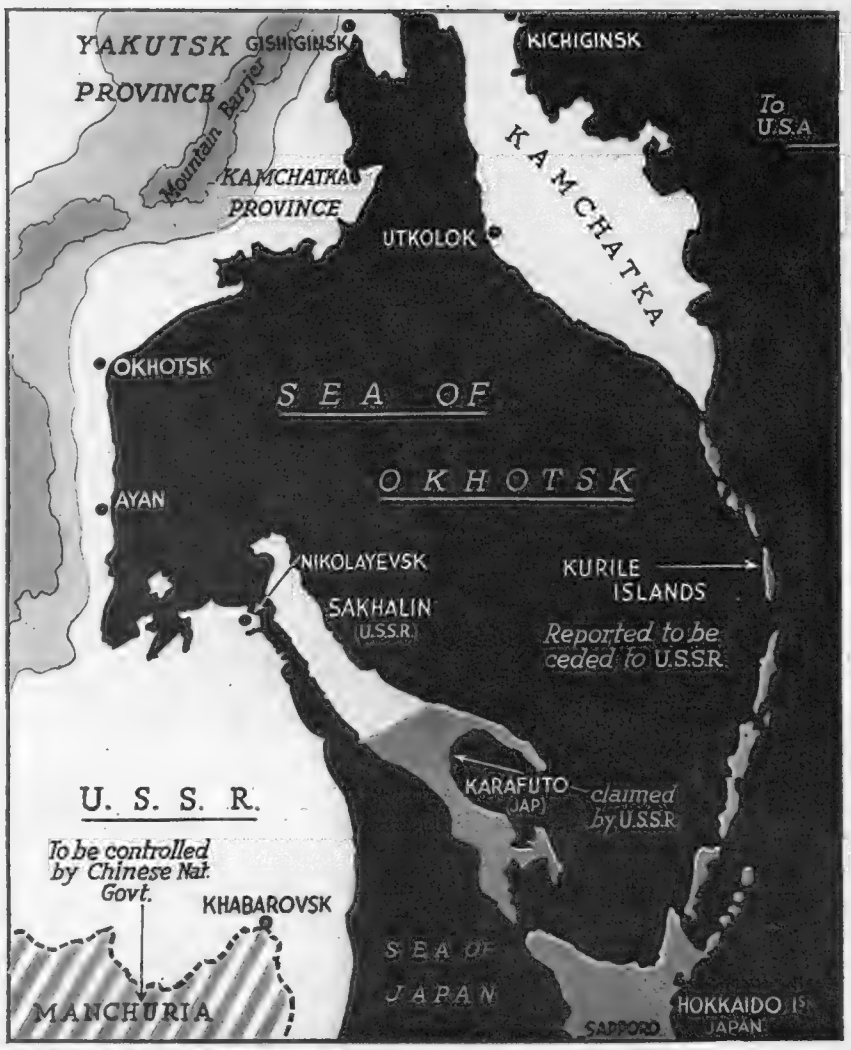
And Their Call to Action to the Women of the World

WOMEN OF U.N.O. "TAKE THE FLOOR" : Mrs. Roosevelt, with some of the women delegates representing nine countries, who met in secret session at her West End hotel to discuss the part that women may play in post-war reconstruction. Seated from left to right in the front row are : Miss K. Midwinter, of the British Foreign Office ; Miss C. I. Rolfe, United Kingdom Adviser to the India Office : Mrs. Olga Hillova, of Czechoslovakia ; a Russian interpreter ; Mrs. Roosevelt ; and Mrs. Sekaninova, Czechoslovakia. Second row : Miss Dalen, Norway ; Miss F. Miller, United States Department of Labour ; Madame Lefaucheux, France ; Miss Uralova, People's Commissar for Education, Byelo-Russia ; Miss Bernardino, Dominican Republic ; and Mrs. Dr. Verwey, the Netherlands

A BACK-ROOM GIRL : Miss Jacqueline Nearne, Secretary to U.N.O.'s Executive, leaving the Central Hall at the close of a session. Miss Nearne has had many remarkable experiences during the war, but much of her story is still off the record. When the Germans occupied France she was still on the Riviera, where she escaped the Gestapo and then slipped into Spain. She returned to London by way of Lisbon. At once Miss Nearne began training to go back to France, receiving courses in parachuting, espionage and the work of the French underground movement. She was parachuted into France in 1943, and the rest of her story until she returned is still one of those war secrets waiting to be told

RUSSIA—AND HER "SPHERES" IN THE EAST AND MIDDLE EAST

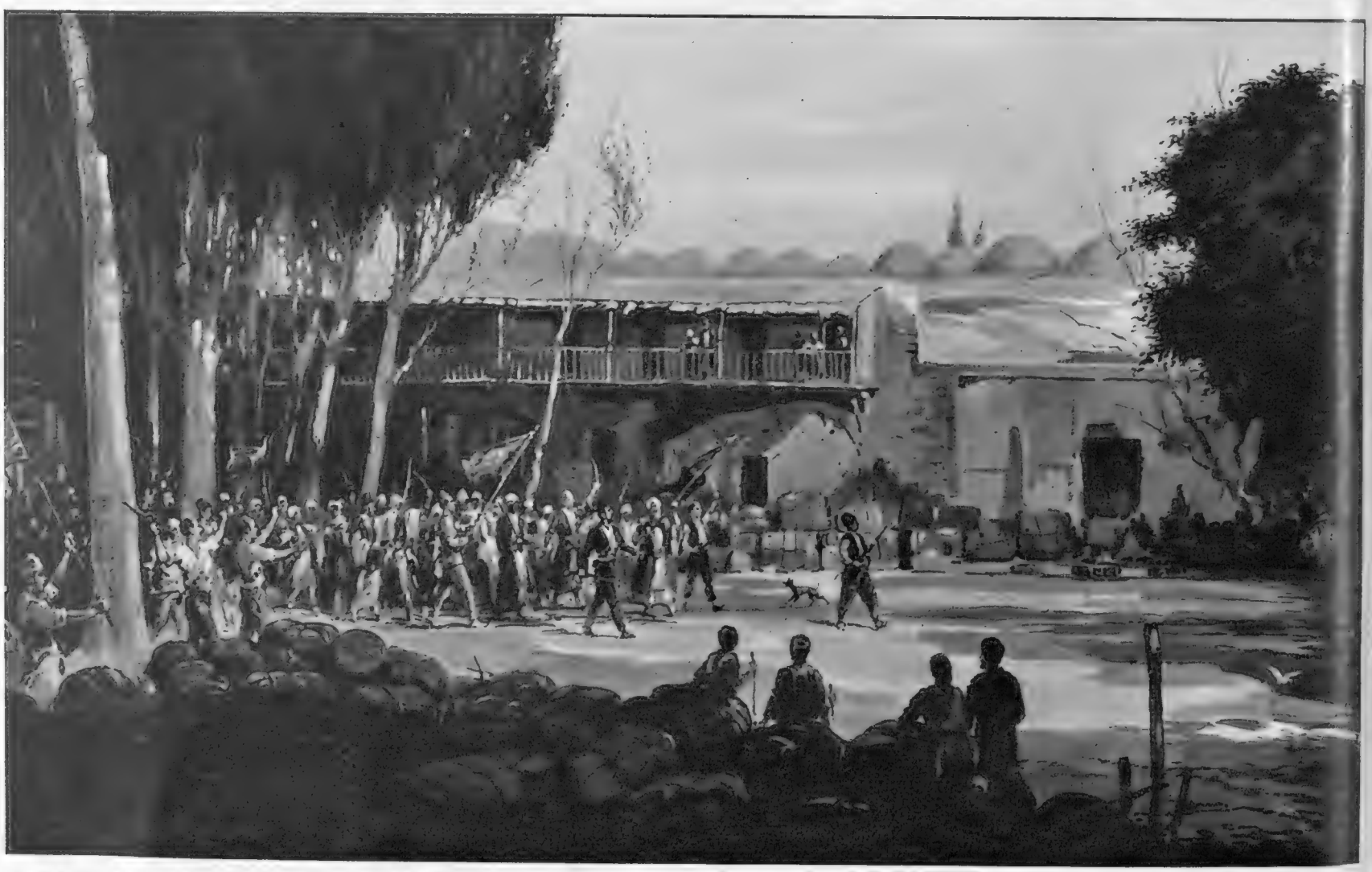
The Kuriles, Manchuria, and Azerbaijan are Three Focal Points of Soviet Activity



A PROTECTIVE SCREEN IN THE FAR EAST—RUSSIA AND THE KURILES : A sketch map showing the position of these islands in which the Soviet are deeply interested and their claim to which is said to have been conceded at the Yalta Conference. From the Russian point of view, the islands have considerable strategic importance, for they overhang Japan from the north and help to form a chain across the North Pacific from Russian to American territory Russia may regard them as a great protective screen, an elaborate buffer defence in the Far East

WINTER COMES TO HOKKAIDO : A great gateway en route to the Shinto shrine at Sapporo, capital of Japan's northernmost island lying at the southern tip of the Kurile group. Over all this zone in the Sea of Okhotsk Russia openly seeks a sphere of influence. Hokkaido has about the same winter temperature as Finland, and it is famed for its abundant snowfall, which begins in November and has been known to continue until June, conditions for winter sport being in many places superior to those in the Alps. Sapporo is a modern town of rather solid appearance, because it is in an area of lesser earthquakes and the Japanese have chosen to build there with more than their wonted solidity. Hokkaido has a population of 3,000,000, who dwell in an almost perpetually sub-arctic climate

THE OUTER RAM
A diagrammatic



PRO-RUSSIANS PARADE THE STREETS OF TABRIZ—DEMONSTRATING WITH SWORDS AND FIREARMS IN THE AZERBAIJAN CAPITAL : An impression of life in the disturbed city which Russia regards as within her sphere of influence—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Despite the refusal of the occupying Russian authorities to allow journalists into North Persia, travellers bring reliable accounts of conditions there. In Tabriz, capital of the Azerbaijan Province which the Soviet regard as within their sphere of influence, trade is at a standstill and the general attitude of the people is one of apathy. Wealthy residents are trying to leave the city, fearing persecution from the pro-Russian supporters, who parade the streets with swords and firearms. Many of these pro-Russians are said by the local people to be strangers who have come into the town of recent months. The gendarmes still seem to be carrying out their duties, although they are unpopular with the Azerbaijans

PART OF RUSSIA'S EASTERN DEFENCES—THE KURILE ISLANDS AND SAKHALIN, TO WHICH THE SOVIET LAY CLAIM UNDER AGREEMENTS MADE AT THE YALTA CONFERENCE : sketch of the area bounding the Sea of Okhotsk, which has come into the forefront of world news as a result of the Moscow declaration. Mr. Byrnes, the U.S. Secretary of State, conceded the Soviet claim in a recent interview, and stated that a definite settlement would have to be made at the Peace Conference—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

While attention has been concentrated on Russia's claims upon a Persian sphere of influence at the gateway to her Caucasian oilfields, the Soviet has been equally active with regard to her aspirations in the Far East, though until lately they have been accorded less publicity. It appears that at the Yalta Conference, in February 1945, when an agreement was signed by Mr. Churchill, Mr. Stalin and Mr. Roosevelt, the question of the future of the Kurile Islands came up for discussion at the last moment by the Chiefs of Staff, and that a decision conceding the Russian claims was made. Now that the subject has been brought into the open by the Moscow Press, Mr. Byrnes, the U.S. Secretary of State, has given it as his opinion that the Russian claims are soundly based. The Kuriles consist of twenty-six islands stretching in a chain from the southern point of Kamchatka, and they have up to now belonged to Japan. The larger islands, including Kunashiri, are frequented by seal hunters and fishermen, but the region is inhospitable and is frequently enveloped in mists

MADAME CHIANG'S MISSION TO MANCHURIA—THE WIFE OF CHINA'S CHIEF EXECUTIVE ARRIVES AT CHANGCHUN : A special messenger of friendship who came to thank the Red Army for restoring Manchuria to Chinese sovereignty—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Madame Chiang Kai-shek's visit to Changchun was indeed a well-timed diplomatic gesture, and she carried with her a letter from her husband to Marshal Malinovsky, thanking the Red Army for its part in freeing North Manchuria and declaring how much the Chinese people would regret the departure of the Russians now that they had finished their work in that area. Madame Chiang decorated a number of members of the Red Army. Shortly after the visit, which had betokened such general amity, the news was broadcast that Moscow was seeking a 50 per cent share in the economic development of Manchuria, and this evidently in despite of the recent Treaty returning the province to China

FEELING RUNS HIGH IN SHANGHAI : A chaotic scene outside the American Naval Headquarters during a demonstration by Chinese workers. Two U.S. Servicemen are seen on left as they go out to meet the throng with drawn revolvers. Anti-American feeling has been running high in Shanghai, and, although business in this once international city is almost completely at a standstill, Chinese youth seems anxious to be rid of all Western influences. During this particular demonstration a number of American sailors were injured, and the photographer who took this picture was himself attacked and knocked to the ground

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Anti-American Demonstrations in Shanghai ; S.E.A.C. War Criminals on Trial ; The New C.I.G.S. in Switzerland

While the Chinese Government strives to achieve a formula for unity and there is a growing likelihood of a successful coalition being achieved between the Communists and the supporters of Marshal Chiang, there has at the same time been an outbreak of fervent nationalism, and the recent demonstrations against the American forces in Shanghai bear witness to current feeling in the matter. At the same time there have been loud outcries against the British tenure of Hong Kong, the Treaty by which it is leased being condemned as oppressive and unjust

A BELEAGUERED TRUCK IN THE STREETS OF SHANGHAI : American sailors surrounded by a hostile mob of Chinese youths during the recent anti-American demonstrations. Everyone in Service uniform was made the object of attack, and chalked up on walls and building were exhortations to U.S. forces to get out of China. There were scene of particular violence outside the United States naval headquarters

S.E.A.C. HOLDS ITS FIRST TRIAL OF WAR CRIMINALS : The scene in the Supreme Court at Singapore as the charges were read out against ten Japanese accused of brutal treatment of Indian prisoners of war. The president of the Court was Lieut.-Colonel L. G. Coleman, of London, and seated with him on the Bench were Major Gray, of Sydney, Australia, and Captain Konli, of Lahore, India

THE JAPANESE PRISONERS STAND WHILE THE COURT ASSEMBLES : Five of the war criminals in the dock at the Supreme Court, Singapore, at the start of the first of the S.E.A.C. trials. Ten prisoners were charged at the first hearings, all of them being held responsible for the beating, flogging and overworking of Indian prisoners of war during the days of the occupation in Malaya. On the left is Captain Gozawa Sadaichi, who is said to have been personally responsible for many brutalities. For purposes of identification he is number one on the list

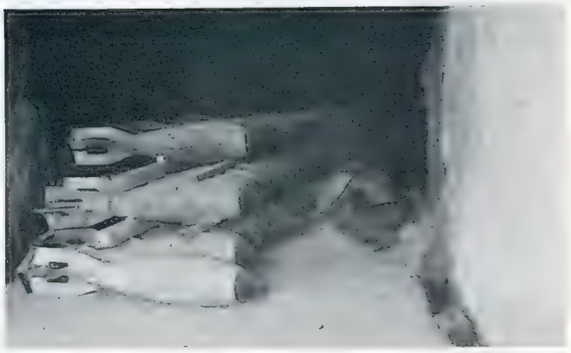
COMMANDOS FILL A NEW ROLE IN THE FAR EAST : Villagers helping a detachment of No. 1 Commando to carry stores and equipment to their hill-top billet on the island of Lamma, four miles from Hong Kong. The Commandos have been landed on Lamma in order to establish another port for anti-piracy patrol, to set up beacons for signalling, and to ensure fair distribution of rice supplied by the Hong Kong Government. They will also assist the R.A.F. medical officer, who is making a survey of the island. During the days of Japanese domination Lamma was garrisoned by two battalions of Japanese troops

MAKING THE POSITION PLAIN : Lieut. R. P. Wassell, of Aylesbury, talks with his Hong Kong police interpreter when giving instructions to one of the village elders during the occupation of the island of Lamma. The elder, surprisingly European in his dress, is told that rice supplies to the island must be fairly distributed

COMMEMORATING THE COURAGEOUS ACTS OF THE WOMEN WHO TOOK PART IN THE SECOND BATTLE OF VILLMERGER IN 1712, these girls of the Swiss village of Seetal are dressed in traditional costume to celebrate "Girls' Sunday": This is the first time since 1939 that the people of Seetal have actively taken part in this celebration. The Battle of Villmerger took place during one of the disastrous civil religious wars which rent Switzerland in the eighteenth century

MONTGOMERY ON HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND: Field-Marshal Montgomery setting out from his hotel at Saanen-Moeser for a walk with Mr. Clifford Norton, the British Minister at Berne, and Mrs. Norton. The Field-Marshal, who has been convalescing from an attack of influenza which he suffered in Germany, is to be our new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, but he will not succeed Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke until June

TAKING OVER IN JAPANESE WATERS: Beneath the elevated 16-in. guns of the U.S. battleship "New Jersey" officers and crew attend the ceremony at which Admiral John Towers hands over command of the U.S. 5th Fleet to Vice-Admiral Sherman. The ceremony took place in Tokyo Bay, and immediately afterwards Admiral Towers assumed command of the Pacific Fleet. The *New Jersey* is a battleship of the Iowa class, with a displacement of 45,000 tons. Mr. Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, declared last week that the U.S. now regards these battleships as auxiliaries to the aircraft-carrier spearheads of the Fleet



PUTTING THEM OUT OF HARM'S WAY: A Sapper officer of the 74th Field Park Company, Indian Engineers, inspecting fuse gear attached to an underground store of 500-lb. bombs before blowing them up. They were found in the hills fifteen miles from Surabaya, Java, and until destroyed were proving a valuable source of supply for the Indonesian insurgents

BLOWING UP THE SECRET JAPANESE ARSENAL: A vast column of smoke rising above the hillside 15 miles from Surabaya, Java, after Indian Engineers had destroyed part of the munitions dump which was proving a ready source of supply for the Indonesians. The arsenal was first reported by R.A.F. reconnaissance as a gun-site, but subsequent ground investigation showed that the earthworks lay at the entrance to fifteen separate tunnels, each concealing hundreds of tons of munitions. Those tunnels that have not been blown up have been sealed off by falls of rock and have been placed under regular observation

BERLIN UNIVERSITY REOPENS: Professor Johannes Stroux (centre), the newly-appointed Rector, with his attendants at the inaugural ceremony at the Berlin State Opera House. The University lies in the Russian sector of the city, and its reorganisation on democratic lines has been carried out entirely by the Soviet military authorities. Over eighty professors, dressed in their crimson and black gowns, took part in the ceremonial

A DE-PRUSSIANISED CENTRE OF LEARNING: Professor Solotuchin, Chief of the Education Division, Soviet Military Government; General Trurov, General Buckov and the Oberbürgermeister of Berlin listening to an address at the reopening of Berlin University. The ceremony took place at the State Opera House, and during the speeches it was made clear that the institution, which Frederick William III originally called into being as a weapon of war, had been shorn of all its former attributes. In the past Berlin was essentially a Prussian University, and it used to attract a number of Russian students. It was never as fashionable, however, as Bonn, Heidelberg or Jena. Among its professors was the notorious historian Treitschke

SCENES in BERLIN and VIENNA

Universities Reopen in the Russian and American Zones—Bomb Disposal in Westphalia

HEIDELBERG ONCE AGAIN BECOMES A CENTRE OF LEARNING: A German Professor of Surgery lecturing a class after the reopening of this famous German University, which has now been completely de-Nazified. Ten per cent. of the students are Displaced Persons, and a number of them are Jews who have not been allowed to attend German universities for the past twelve years. Heidelberg lies in the American Zone, and all arrangements for the reopening of the University have been carried out by the United States authorities

WHAT GOES ON IN THE OUTER WORLD: Citizens of Vienna take an interest in the pictures displayed in the window of the British Reading Room in the Kartnerstrasse, where daily and weekly newspapers are regularly available and they are able to form a picture of life beyond their own frontiers. To many of them the news has deeply puzzling aspects, as for years they have been subjected to intensive Nazi propaganda, and they have little or no knowledge of the course of events since their country was first occupied by German troops. Their eagerness to learn is at once obvious

DEEP IN THE STUDY OF CONTEMPORARY EVENTS: Citizens of Vienna perusing newspapers and magazines in the British Reading Room in the Kartnerstrasse. The attendance is always large, and many of the visitors copy out and translate items of interest for the benefit of friends unable to read English. Many of them cannot believe that so much has happened in Europe since they last had access to a free Press and were not subject to the daily blasts of Goebbels's propaganda

ALL OUT IN THE HOME STRAIGHT: Charlie Mills, sixty-seven-year-old Irishman who has been racing in Germany since the close of the first World War, winning in fine style with "Missouri" at a trotting meeting on the Karlhorst Track, Berlin. The track, which is in the Russian Zone and under Russian supervision, holds a meeting every Sunday, and it is largely attended by Allied troops and German civilians

WITH A GIRL DRIVER AT THE REINS: An entrant in one of the Sunday trotting events at the Karlhorst Track, Berlin. At these meetings German civilians mingle with British, Russian, American and French troops, and betting on the races is always heavy. On an average, over 2,500,000 marks pour through the Totalisator, much of the money being of Black Market origin. The horses are fed with Russian supplies, the Russians defraying the expenses with a 25 per cent. "cut" from the Totalisator

BRUNO SCHMIDT IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS: A German bookmaker at the Karlhorst Trotting Meeting stands before his quotation-board while clients consider their bets. Much of the betting is done on the Totalisator, but both bookies and machine are subject to heavy taxation in order to help pay for the upkeep of the course. Some of the bookmakers take food and cigarettes in lieu of money

AN INTERNATIONAL GATHERING ON THE KARLHORST TRACK: British, American and Russian officers are seen in the foreground of this picture, taken in the grandstand during a recent Sunday trotting meeting

One of the few bright moments in the life of Berliners to-day is the Sunday Trotting Meeting held at the Karlhorst Track in the Russian sector of Berlin. British, Russian, American and French officers usually turn up at the meetings in force, and there is always a big attendance of German civilians, many of whom bet extremely heavily. On an average, more than 2,500,000 marks pour through the Totalisator before each race, while the bookmakers are known to take food and cigarettes as the medium of bets. Some of the Black Marketeers take the opportunity of peddling their wares among the crowd, and arrests on the course are by no means infrequent. The Karlhorst Track is under Russian supervision, and the Russian authorities provide the forage for the horses, deducting the cost by taxing the bookmakers and taking a 25 per cent. "cut" from the Totalisator. As a result of these deductions, the winning odds are often small, but this does not seem to deter the betting public. A popular figure at Karlhorst is Charlie Mills, a veteran Irishman who has been racing in Germany since the close of the first World War. He always gets a special cheer when he lands one of his frequent winners

THE AIR-RAID SIREN STILL SOUNDS IN WESTPHALIA as men of 5135 Royal Air Force Bomb Disposal Squadron carry on with the task of destroying the remaining bombs of the Luftwaffe. ***Left*—An R.A.F. corporal is about to place a charge in a stack of bombs; and (*right*) the devastation caused by the daily explosions at Harth, near Paderborn, where more than 7,000 tons of enemy munitions have already been got rid of.** When the siren sounds at Harth the villagers throw open all their windows, and some even take to the cellars and shelters until the charges have been exploded. It is dangerous work for the R.A.F. men, but, such are the precautions, casualties are very few. The detonation-point is situated in a concrete shelter about half a mile away from the bomb stack

A FACTORY AMID THE ANTARCTIC WHALING-GROUNDS : Bird life thronging the water round the factory at Deception Island, where giant Blue and Fin whales are processed into oil and other by-products. The more modern method is to use floating factories in the form of converted cargo-vessels, and this system has led to a great saving in production costs

WHERE THE WHALERS WORK

Producing Margarine for Europe in the Factories of Antarctica

In order to increase the production of margarine for Britain and Europe, the floating oil-refinery ship *Empire Victory* left Falmouth earlier in the winter for the whaling-grounds of the Antarctic, and there she is playing her part with the rest of the whaling fleet in dealing with the Blue and Fin whales that feed in those waters.

On these two pages are presented some aspects of the whaling industry at work, and in his special drawing Montague Dawson shows a whale-catching vessel in action and in the distance a floating factory similar to the *Empire Victory*.

Altogether 16,000 Blue whales will be hunted in the Antarctic this season, the number being rationed by international agreement in order to ensure supplies for the future. Contrary to expectations, the number of whales in the Antarctic did not increase to any great extent during the war years, when whaling was carried on on a restricted scale, and hence the need for the present cautious policy. No sperm whale under 35 ft. must be harpooned, and some areas are banned to the fleets

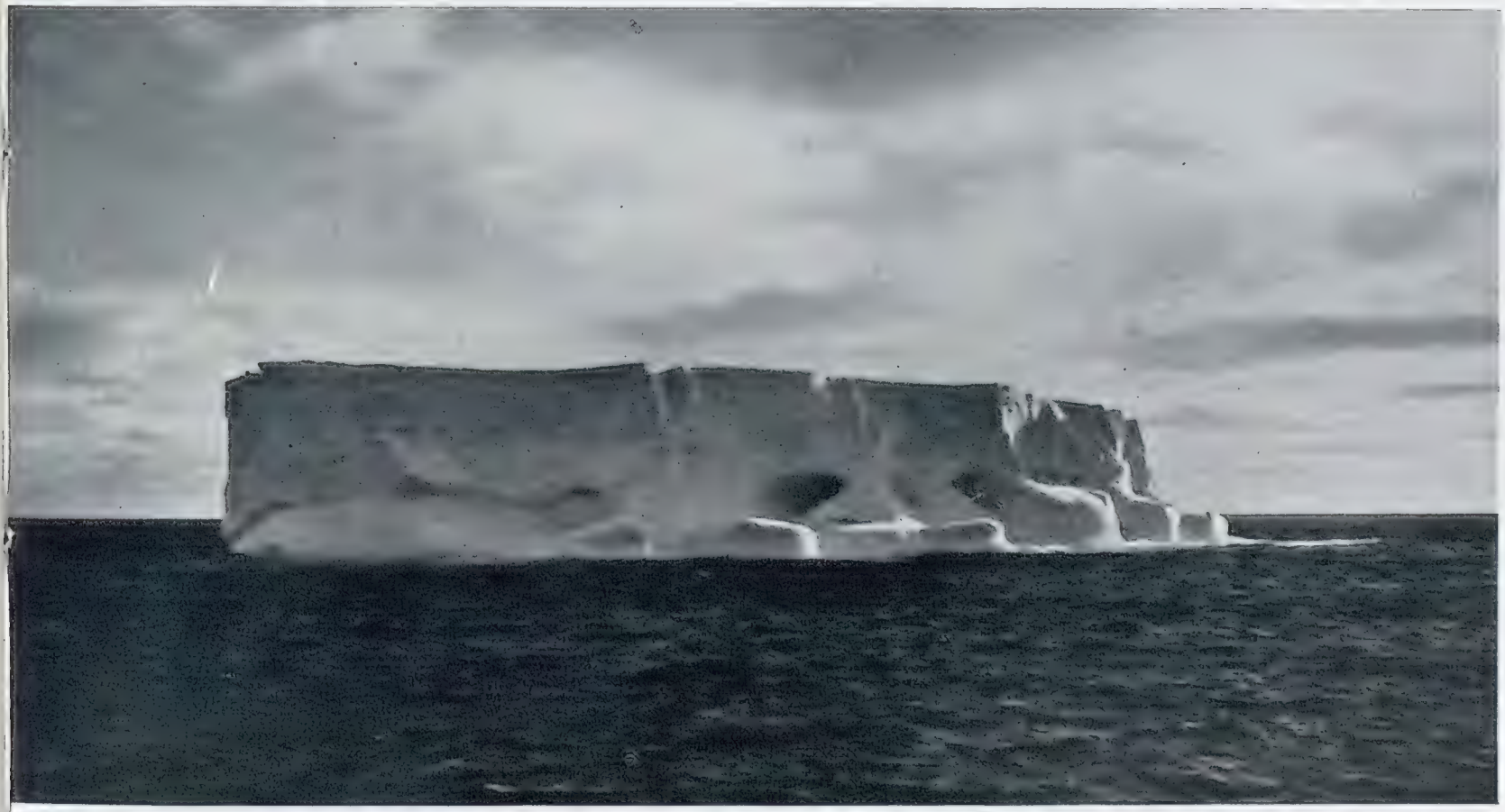
THE WHALER'S OFFENSIVE WEAPON : The modern whaling-gun, with a harpoon weighing 120 lbs. and a time-fused bomb, is attached to the forecastle. When the dart is embedded in its prey, the rope is wound in and the whale is conveyed to the factory

THE GREAT WHALING-GROUNDS OF THE ANTARCTIC—THE AREA SOUTH OF LATITUDE 50 WHICH HAS COME TO BE RECOGNISED AS THE MOST PRODUCTIVE FOR OUR WHALING FLEETS : In the region of the ice-floes in the Weddell Sea, catches have always been largest because food is more abundant, and it is there that the vessels are concentrating this season—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

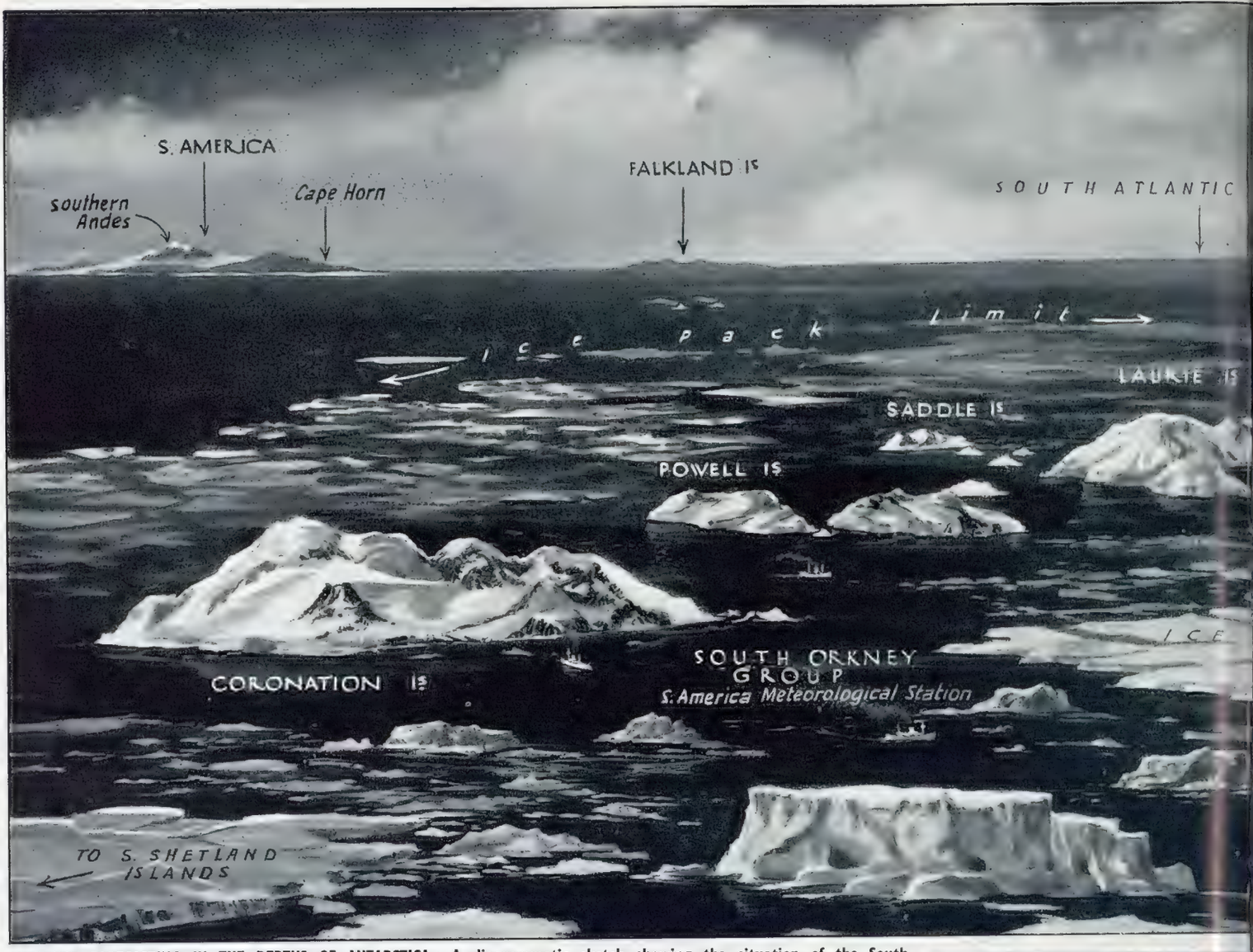
As a result of years of research by numerous expeditions, and in particular through the work of the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II*, the most productive whaling area of the Antarctic has now been established, and this knowledge is tending to make for the greater success of our whaling industry. It has been found that the colder Antarctic waters are much more prolific in animal life than the warmer waters farther north, and on that account they constitute the main feeding-ground of the Blue and Fin whales. The *Discovery* has revealed the fact that Blue and Fin whales feed, when in the south, exclusively on a small shrimp-like animal, about 2 ins. in length when fully adult, which is known to the Norwegian whalers as "krill." The "krill" in turn feeds upon diatoms, and the diatoms, being plants, upon the nutrient salts and carbon dioxide dissolved in the sea-water

A GIANT BLUE WHALE IS CAUGHT BY THE HARPOON GUN OF THE WHALE-CATCHER VESSEL, WHILE THE WHALE-FACTORY SHIP WAITS IN THE BACKGROUND TO DEAL WITH THE PREY: An impression of modern methods in the Antarctic, where the whaling season is now in full swing—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

While the shore-based whaling factory still exists in the Antarctic, the more modern and more economical method of whaling is to employ a floating factory, a vessel of about 20,000 tons specially equipped to cut up and process giant Blue-nosed and Fin whales at the rate of one an hour. Attached to the factory ship are a number of catcher vessels, of the trawler type, with a harpoon gun mounted on the forecastle. These vessels cruise the whaling-grounds and, on sighting their prey, bear down on it until within harpoon range and then fire. The whale is afterwards towed to the factory ship and hauled aboard by the special slipway installed in the stern. Some of the whales are 80 ft. in length and weigh 200 tons or more. Altogether, 16,000 Blue whales will be hunted this year, this being the ration for the 1946 season laid down by international agreement



WHERE THERE ARE ICEBERGS THERE ARE WHALES: A much-weathered berg drifting to the south of the Sandwich group, in the heart of the great Antarctic whaling area. This picture was taken during the important voyage of the Royal Research Ship "Discovery II," which ended in 1935 and was productive of most valuable information for the whaling industry. The establishment of the fact that the feeding-grounds of the Blue and Fin whales were in the colder waters of the Antarctic led to a greater concentration of effort on the part of the whalers



WEATHER FORECASTING IN THE DEPTHS OF ANTARCTICA: A diagrammatic sketch showing the situation of the South Orkney group, where the Argentine Government has established meteorological stations to provide advance information for her crop growers. It has been found that a cold winter in these regions is a sure precursor of exactly similar conditions three-and-a-half years later in the corn-bearing areas of Argentina. To the farmers the acquisition of this knowledge so far in advance ensures continuing prosperity—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

FORECASTING ARGENTINA'S WEATHER

From a Meteorological Station in the Lonely South Orkneys

So important is the matter of weather to the great crop growers of the Argentine that the Government of that country has for a long while past established advanced weather-forecasting stations as far south as the neighbourhood of the Antarctic ice region, acting on the principle that the weather that brews up in this region is later reproduced with exactitude upon the South American Continent. A station was first established on South Georgia, and of more recent years in the South Orkney group, which lies still nearer the South Polar continent. The relief ship carrying the relieving personnel for the station has just started for these ice-capped islands. The group consists of two main islands, Coronation Island to the west, and Laurie Island to the east, with some small islands in between. They have been visited by *Discovery II* and other expeditions within modern times, and the physical aspects of the two islands have now been recorded in considerable detail. Some remarkable bergs have been encountered in their neighbourhood. An additional point of interest is that the staff of the Argentinian meteorological station in the South Orkneys is establishing its own chapel, and there mass will for the first time be performed regularly in this icy and lonely part of the world

SUMMERTIME IN THE SOUTH ORKNEYS: Two of the smaller islands in this lonely and desolate Antarctic group, which until the last visit of "Discovery II" in the '30's had only been imperfectly charted and surveyed. In the height of summer, when a temporary thaw sets in, the black rocks are for the moment bared and the whole aspect of the place is, if anything, more forbidding than ever. There are no trees or shrubs on the islands, but penguins abound, as ever moving lazily and comically about their business against the background of fantastic scenery

CLIMBING JOHNS PEAK : Members of the staff of the Royal Research ship "Discovery II" roped together on the upper slopes of a central peak in the South Orkney Islands. A picture taken during the "Discovery's" expedition, which ended in 1935 and yielded such valuable information with regard to this imperfectly charted and imperfectly surveyed group. The South Orkneys, where the Argentine Government maintains a meteorological station for providing South American farmers with advance weather information, are mountainous, rugged and desolate, without trees or shrubs, and covered in snow for most of the year. Only during the anæmic Antarctic summer is the blackness of the rocks temporarily uncovered

A MORAINIC ICEBERG OF GIGANTIC DIMENSIONS FLOATS MAJESTICALLY BY, MOVING ON AT THE COMMAND OF WINDS AND CURRENTS : A scene in the neighbourhood of the South Orkneys taken from the decks of the Royal Research ship "Discovery II" during her historic voyage in the '30's, when she brought back so much valuable information from these regions of the Antarctic. Members of the staff of the lonely meteorological station in the South Orkneys have frequently commented on the great magnitude of the icebergs to be seen in those waters, and which render approach to the islands an undertaking of great danger

HOME NEWS

Sandgate Esplanade Undermined: Floods in the West Country: Hunting the Norfolk Rats: A High Price for a Pedigree Bull

High winds, often reaching gale force, and torrential rain made the first week-end of February the wettest and stormiest of the winter in Southern England, and at Sandgate, a suburb of Folkestone, extremely heavy seas damaged the esplanade not far from the spot where the main road was undermined in December. Meanwhile, troopships running between Folkestone and Calais were cancelled, and at least forty ships were seen to be riding-out the storm off neighbouring Deal. At Eastbourne, after the wildest week for many years, the gusts were recorded as reaching 85 m.p.h.

EMERGENCY MEASURES ON THE SOUTH COAST: Men at work between Sandgate and Hythe, where they have had to carry out first-aid on the roadway, as high seas undermined the embankment. This section of the road had to be closed to traffic, and the bulk of the repair work was carried out between high tides

USEFUL EMPLOYMENT FOR GERMAN P.O.W.s: Some of the 200 prisoners of war who are irrigating, clearing and levelling the land for the mammoth Ministry of Insurance headquarters at Benton, near Newcastle. When completed, the building will accommodate over 7,000 Civil Servants, who will administer the much augmented National Insurance scheme as it comes into operation. The German prisoners, it will be noted, are wearing the familiar ski-caps which Field-Marshal Montgomery has banned throughout the British Zone in Germany

FLOODS IN THE SEVERN VALLEY: The inundated countryside round Tewkesbury, where many acres of agricultural land are under water. Tewkesbury is particularly subject to flooding, and hardly a winter passes without scenes such as this occurring in the low-lying land round the town. The catchment area of the Severn is so large that by the time the flood-waters emerge from the Welsh valleys into the open country the river must inevitably burst its banks. A few miles farther down, at Gloucester, the Severn begins to broaden into the estuary

A CAUSE TO PLEAD BEFORE THE UNITED NATIONS: Members of the delegation of the Central Committee for Northern Epirus, who have arrived in London to seek support for their claim that Northern Epirus, a province of Albania since 1913, should be reunited with Greece. Left to right: Dr. Peter Mamopoulos, the Bishop of Argyrocastro, M. Miltiades Spiromilios and M. Basil Joannides, Professor of Theology at the University of Salonika. At one time in its chequered history, Epirus was part of Turkey in Europe

A SUCCESSOR TO THE DEADLY BARRACUDA: The Fairey Spearfish, a formidable addition to British sea power, now under large-scale construction for the Royal Navy. With a high cruising-speed and a longer range than any other aircraft of its class, the Spearfish is designed to succeed the Barracuda, the plane that wrought such havoc against the *Tirpitz* in dive-bombing attacks amid the Norwegian fiords. The bombs are carried within the spacious fuselage, and the pilot's cockpit is placed high to allow of maximum visibility on ocean patrol. The machine is powered by a Bristol Centaurus engine of 2,750 h.p. driving a Rotol 5-blade, constant-speed airscrew. Wing-flaps give exceptional manœuvrability for deck landing and take-off

GIANT RATS MENACE EAST ANGLIA : Waiting to take a shot at a coypu rat on the Norfolk Broads, where these rodents have lately been appearing in increasing numbers. The coypus are causing some alarm locally, as they attack sugar-beet crops and also eat the roots of the rushes that maintain the river banks

"DAN" RETURNS IN TRIUMPH : A golden retriever with a half-grown coypu which his master shot in the rat-infested district of the Norfolk Broads. How these rodents have reached East Anglia is a matter for some argument, but it is a fact that they are becoming a real menace, particularly to the sugar-beet farmers. The coypu is commonly found among the rivers and lakes of South America, and it is often mistaken for a large water-rat or small beaver. It lives in burrows beside the water, but it will often go quite far afield in search of food. At the present moment the coypus have appeared in greatest numbers in Norfolk, but they are spreading to other parts of East Anglia

A RECORD PRICE AT THE ABERDEEN ANGUS SHOW AT PERTH : Pedigree stock on parade in the street market, to which buyers came from all parts of Britain to make their purchases. The record sum of 7,500 guineas was paid for the Show's supreme champion bull, Erwin of Harviestoun, which was bought from Mr. G. E. Kerr, of Dollar, by Bovril, Ltd. The previous record price in Britain was 4,500 guineas, paid at the 1945 Perth Show for a brother of the new champion

TWO MEN AND A DOG TACKLE THE COYPUS OF THE NORFOLK BROADS : By using a boat, these farmers are successful in shooting many of the rats as they emerge from their burrows on the banks. If the coypu continues to increase in numbers in East Anglia, it is possible that it will eventually affect the complicated irrigation system of the area

MRS. ROOSEVELT IS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER : The wife of the late U.S. President talking with Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, at last week's gathering at the Savoy Hotel. One of the highlights of the evening was the reading of a letter from Lord Derby proposing that the Pilgrims sponsor a plan for erecting a memorial to Franklin Roosevelt in London, and that Mrs. Roosevelt be asked to officiate at the unveiling

LONDON'S FIRST REALLY PERMANENT HOUSES : These homes, which have been built on the Kidbrooke Estate, near Greenwich and Eltham, are the forerunners of 12,000 that are now being put up by the L.C.C. It is estimated that fifty similar houses on the site will be completed by March, and 550 more by the end of this year. The work is being done by 200 British builders and 33 German prisoners of war. The tenants, who will pay 17s. 6d. rent, are being chosen from the L.C.C.'s list of 60,000 applicants. The design includes a bathroom on the ground floor, situated next door to the kitchen

Art News

A WASHINGTON HEIRLOOM IS AUCTIONED

THE RETURN OF MAGNA CARTA

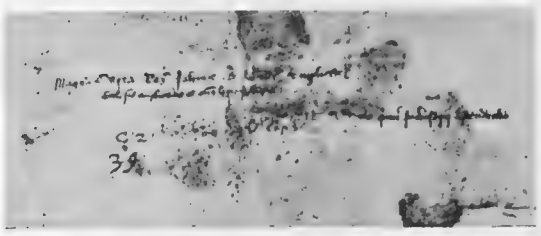
A NOTED HEIRLOOM IS AUCTIONED: The full-length portrait of George Washington, by Charles Wilson Peale, which was offered at Sotheby's on Wednesday last by the Earl of Albemarle

A very interesting portrait of George Washington—the property of the Earl of Albemarle—was put up for auction at Sotheby's last Wednesday, and it attracted much admiring attention in the galleries before the sale.

The picture, which was painted by Charles Wilson Peale, of Philadelphia, who was well known as a painter of Washington, is a full-length canvas, and it shows the First President of the United States as a very different man from the staid, elderly portraits of his later days, with which we are so familiar. The Albemarle picture represents Washington in active middle life, and, being full-length, tells us what is often forgotten, that he was very tall, over 6 ft.; and also of a strong, vigorous build, being broad-shouldered and athletic. The picture came into the possession of the Earl of Albemarle during an exciting episode in our naval history. On October 4, 1780, the *London Gazette* announced the "joyful tidings" that Captain Keppel, of H.M.S. *Vestal*, the gallant son of the third Earl of Albemarle, had intercepted and captured the American packet *Mercury* after a chase of six hours. He took Henry Laurens, who had been President of the Continental Congress, prisoner. Laurens was carrying papers for a treaty of amity with the United Provinces of Holland. He was also conveying this portrait of George Washington as a gift to the King of France. Becoming an heirloom, the picture has been hanging at the Albemarle home at Quidenham, Norfolk, for many years.

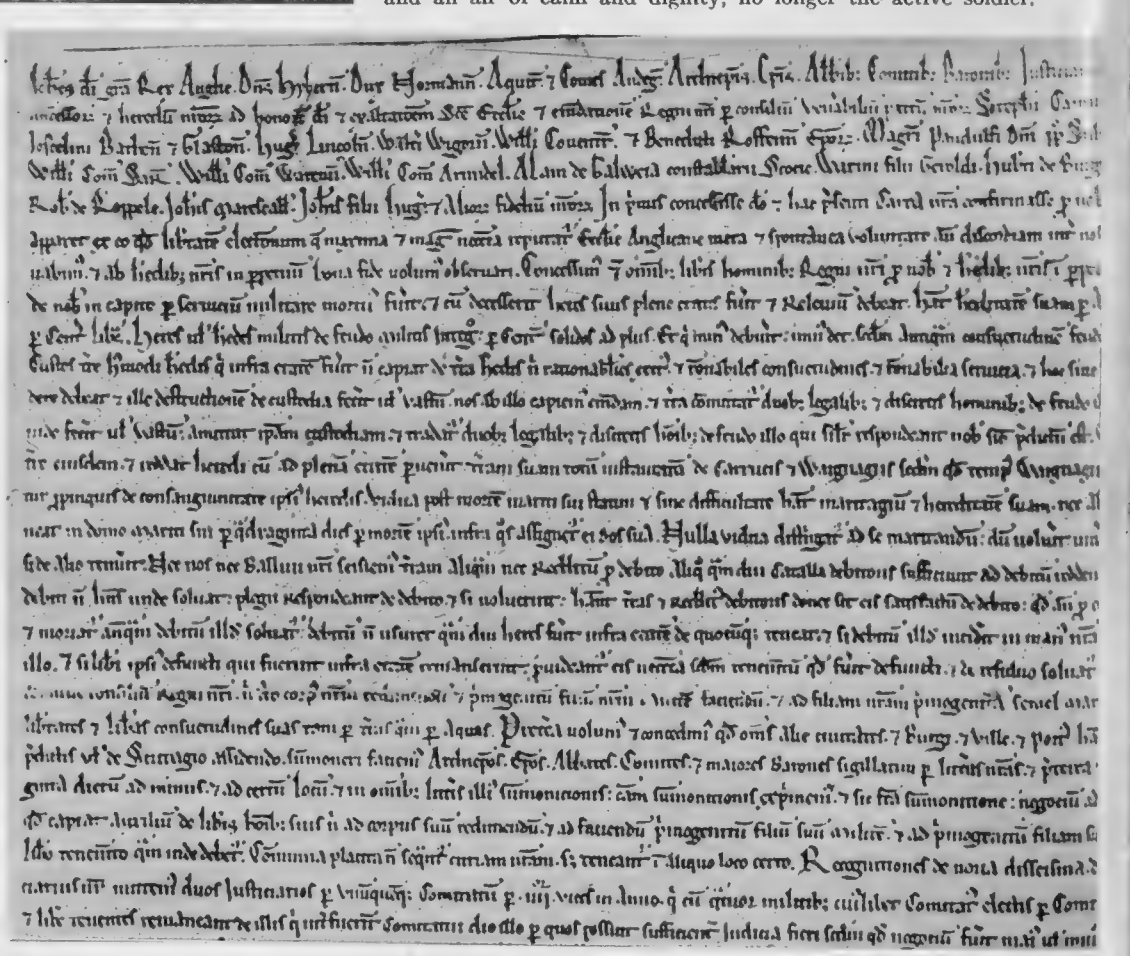
WASHINGTON AS THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY: This portrait of the first President of the United States is also the work of Charles Wilson Peale, and it was chosen in 1932 for reproduction on United States postage stamps, as it was held to typify Washington in later life when he had assumed the responsibilities of state. The portrait compares interestingly with the full-length canvas reproduced on the left, showing Washington as a commander in the field

There is another portrait by Peale of Washington, when he was in command of the Virginian troops, which also shows him as a bright, keen young soldier. Most of the familiar portraits were painted after the strenuous struggle of the Revolutionary War, and the later difficulties of bringing the Thirteen Colonies into agreement. One of these portraits, painted in 1787, represents him as a sterner man, no longer buoyant, but one who is now bearing responsibility. He is wearing uniform, white waistcoat and white facings with buttons in his dark coat. This particular portrait is the one which the Postmaster-General chose for the bi-centennial celebrations in 1932. Washington, in his later years, forced from his much-loved home at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, to take up the task of First President, is usually shown as white-haired, with deep-sunk eyes, and an air of calm and dignity, no longer the active soldier.



A CONTEMPORARY ENDORSEMENT ON THE SALISBURY COPY OF MAGNA CARTA, which has recently been restored at the Record Office and has now been returned to the Cathedral. The words Magna Carta and the date 1215 can be plainly read

Magna Carta, the great charter of English freedom signed in 1215, has been much in the news of late. The famous copy from Lincoln Cathedral, which was lent to America for the New York World's Fair and could not be returned owing to war conditions, has now been restored to Lincoln Cathedral, while the equally celebrated Salisbury copy, which has lately been overhauled at the Public Record Office, is also returned to its rightful home. By permission of the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury Cathedral we reproduce on this page portions of the Salisbury copy in reduced facsimile. It has an endorsement on the back which is not easy fully to decipher to-day. The text given here includes, among other points, the great right of trial by jury of one's peers, freedom from military arrest, and provision that justice shall be neither "sold, demed nor delayed"



***On right*—THE GREAT RIGHT OF TRIAL BY JURY: Here in thirteenth-century text is laid down one of the main provisions of Magna Carta. The MS. forms part of the recently-overhauled Salisbury copy**

THE BOOKPLATE OF CHARLES VIII OF FRANCE : The words Karolus Octavus beneath the Fleur-de-Lys and crown proclaim the Royal ownership of this volume, by William de Deguilleville, which is among the many treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. The great library, which is housed in the former palace of Cardinal Mazarin, is now being generally overhauled following the inevitable neglect of the war years

Busy Days at the French National Library : In the Bibliothèque Nationale, France can proudly lay claim to one of the richest and largest libraries in the world, and it is good to know that the French authorities are now busily engaged in repairing the inevitable neglect of the war years. The library may perhaps be dated back to the MSS. collected by the Carlovingians, but its real founder was Louis XII, who collected the books of his predecessor Charles VIII, whose bookplate is illustrated above, and also acquired the Sforza collection from Milan. Needless to say, under Louis XIV, who did so much to foster all the arts, the library was greatly enlarged, and in the following reign it was accommodated for the first time in the Palace of Cardinal Mazarin, where it remains to this day. The Bibliothèque Nationale contains between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 printed books, and over 120,000 manuscripts. It is constantly increasing, as French law provides that of every book published in France, two copies shall be sent to the library

A VICTIM OF THE BLITZ : Jaques Boizeau, of the staff of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, handling a leaf from a parochial register of the sixteenth century, a rare manuscript recovered from the library at the Hôtel de Ville, Chartres, after the bombing in May 1940. An effort is now being made to restore a number of the Chartres treasures, although their condition is very bad

Restoring the Lost Treasures of Chartres : In the great fire which ravaged the Hôtel de Ville, Chartres, after the Germans had bombed the city on May 26, 1940, during their penetration into France, hundreds of rare books and manuscripts in the city library were utterly destroyed, but from the debris 592 pieces of burned manuscript were recovered. Owing to subsequent exposure to water and weather, these pieces were in a sorry condition, and to all but the expert eye appeared beyond all future use. In June 1944, however, it was decided to remove the fragments to Paris, and now, after many months of treatment in chemical baths and presses, the fragments have been sorted and reconditioned for scrutiny by experts of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is hoped, as a result, to piece together at least a few of the lost treasures of Chartres and to restore them to the city

RECONDITIONING A VOLUME OF THIRTEENTH-CENTURY EDICTS : A skilled worker repairing the seal of an ancient manuscript at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, where the valuable collection is now being put in order

PRESERVING THE RECORD OF FRENCH CULTURE : A bookbinder at work reconstructing the original cover design from the fragments of a theological treatise of the thirteenth century. Another scene at the Bibliothèque Nationale

A VERITABLE JIG-SAW : Pieces of manuscript from the bombed library at Chartres are cleaned and dried and are now ready for inspection by an expert of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, who will decide how they fit together, and what page of the original manuscript they occupy

A LABOUR OF INFINITE PATIENCE : Having received restorative treatment in chemical baths, fragments of manuscript from the Chartres Library are placed in a press to be dried out. Later they will be examined by experts

OLD MASTERS OF THE FUTURE?

The Work of Matthew Smith, Paul Nash and Stanley Spencer Puzzles the Layman, but the Collectors Continue to Collect Them. By CHARLES GRAVES

THE current exhibition at Tooth's Galleries, in Bruton Street, W.1, where the top price is £425, provides a striking illustration of the difference in fees charged by fashionable portrait-painters and the artists who are "collected." How many readers of THE SPHERE, I wonder, know much about Matthew Smith, Paul Nash and Stanley Spencer? And yet the first-named has been assiduously "collected" for years by Augustus John and Epstein—the greatest compliment which any modern painter can have.

Quite unconsciously, this exhibition raises the issue of inspiration versus craftsmanship, and of pretty pictures versus art. Pleasant picture-making is a very different thing from intelligent creative thought as portrayed on canvas. The Royal Academy, the home of good painting, is not, let 's face it, the home of inspired art. International collectors, by contrast, value an artist not by what he does with his hands so much as by what comes out of his head.

Matthew Smith's prices have risen from £40 in 1924 to £400 or £500 to-day. He is entirely uncommercial, regards each picture he paints like a favourite child, and hates to part with it. He has, in fact, released only seventeen pictures from his studio in the past seven years.

His spiritual home is Aix-en-Provence, where he had lived for many years until the outbreak of war, and where he hopes to return as soon as possible. Matthew Smith has never shown a single picture in the Royal Academy. In private life he is a small, quiet, restrained man, now in his sixty-seventh year. His personal mildness is, in fact, the opposite to his tumultuous, violent painting.

He was born in Halifax, Yorkshire. His father was the head of a well-established wire business, and sent him to Giggleswick School for his education. This was not a great success. At seventeen he went into a Bradford wool mill before graduating into the family works a year later. Somehow, he forced his way into the Manchester School of Art, moving on to the Slade School. After two years he "did a Gauguin," and escaped to Brittany. From there he escaped again to Paris, where he joined the school of Henri Matisse. This was abandoned by the Master within a month, and the pupils' attempt to run the school without him lasted only another month. He then joined the Army, was wounded, and returned to Paris. In this war his two sons were both killed in the R.A.F. At the moment he lives in Chelsea.

Stanley Spencer, "the village Giotto," has been married twice. He is barely 5 ft. tall (if that), but his intensity makes up for his lack of inches. He is almost literally mercurial—boiling over the top and subsiding again at the proverbial drop of a hat. He is the only one of the trio who has ever exhibited at the Royal Academy. This was some years before the war when, having been elected (unasked) an A.R.A., he sent five pictures, two of which were rejected. One was "St. Francis and the Birds." The other was alternatively titled "The Lovers" or "The Dustmen." He promptly resigned and has not exhibited there again.

In his case, too, £400 to £500 is the normal ceiling for his pictures, though Lord Duveen bought his "Resurrection" for £1,000, and gave it to the Tate Gallery.

His appearance is usually very carefree. His hair is long and black. His manner is vague.

Paul Nash has a Persian profile. He is very well-dressed, affects a bow-tie, and is a martyr to asthma. He is an intellectual and a fine writer, but, like Stanley Spencer and Matthew Smith, has never painted to please the public. Collectors of his pictures find themselves on a rising market. He has never exhibited at the Royal Academy. In his case, too, one is reminded of the story of one of Whistler's Nocturnes. The artist charged the modest sum of £40 for it. Ruskin said, in effect, that he was "throwing a pot of paint in the face of the public." That picture to-day is worth anything over £4,000, whereas the pictures for which Sir John Millais and Lord Leighton were charging over £1,000 are in most cases barely worth the value of the frame. History is inclined to repeat itself in art as in other spheres. Of the great creative artists in the last generation, of which Augustus John is the sole survivor, Wilson Steer and Sickert were outstanding. Some of the early Sickerts are already worth thousands of pounds, and will probably change hands at treble that price before the end of the century. The same will apply to Augustus John's best pictures.

By contrast, there have been portraits by Orpen sold for less than £20, though Sargent's portrait of Carmencita was sold just before the war for over £5,000. A Raeburn was sold not long ago for £65. Sir Peter Lely's portrait of "Lady in a Yellow Dress" fetched 6 guineas.

It is all a question, really, of the artist painting to please himself or to please his sitter. It would be libellous to give a list of fashionable R.A.s who charge 700 guineas and upwards for portraits which would not fetch one-tenth of that sum if put up for public auction. But one need only look at the prices fetched by De Laszlo and other formerly fashionable artists to see the difference between the painter who is commissioned to do a likeness and the painter who paints because he has a creative urge.

Everyone, of course, must earn his bread and butter. No artist, however great, can expect to keep a roof over his head if he paints purely for himself. So it is that one finds delightful still-lifes and water-colours painted by creative artists almost as a relaxation from their violent conceptions. It will be noted, however, that even then they will not descend to commissioned portraits.

But who will take the place of Stanley Spencer, Paul Nash and Matthew Smith? The answer is Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland and Victor Pasmore, who are all in the early forties or thereabouts. Henry Moore is primarily a sculptor and does not paint in oils. Like Matthew Smith, he was born in Yorkshire, but was the son of a Yorkshire coal-miner, not of a successful business man. He was sixteen when World War I began, and served for two years. On demobilisation he went to Leeds School of Art, felt dissatisfied by the normal academic training in sculpture, came south to the Royal College of Art in London, won the travelling scholarship, with it went to Italy, and found himself, literally and metaphorically, in Florence.

These leading English artists are not generally known to the English public, much less to art-lovers overseas, except for the real collectors. The reason for this is that they are so reluctant to sell their pictures, and—when they can bring themselves to do so—the pictures are bought so quickly that it has never been possible to stage one-man shows for them on the Continent or in the United States. The most that has been done for them has been the display of three or four of their portraits at some cultural exhibition organised by the British Council.

If, of course, a foreign Government were to suggest a one-man exhibition of, let us say, Matthew Smith, the hermit of Chelsea and Aix-en-Provence would receive a world acclaim which would cause him the greatest personal discomfort. For he, like Stanley Spencer and Paul Nash, shies away from all possible publicity.

This is what Augustus John said of him nearly a quarter of a century ago: "In Mr. Matthew Smith, who might be termed the doyen of young English painting, we find an artist who has imbibed liberally of general culture. French influences are inevitably to be noted in his work, but the fullness of form which characterises so many of his figures, has a distinct relationship with Indian and Persian drawings. With a cataract of emotional sensibility, he casts upon the canvas a pageant of grandiose and voluptuous form and sumptuous colour, which are none the less controlled by an ordered design and a thoroughly learned command of technique. This makes him one of the most brilliant and individual figures in modern English painting. Aloof and deliberately detached from the appeals of ordinary life, he sits apart and converts what to other men are the ever-partial triumphs of passion into permanent monuments of profound sensory emotion. In flowers, fruit and women he finds the necessary material for his self-expression, and from them he has evolved a kind of formula which represents his artist's inner-consciousness."

Incidentally, the exhibition at Tooth's Galleries contains what would appear to be the first real atomic picture since Nagasaki, only it was, in fact, painted before the bomb dropped.

It is by Paul Nash and is called "The Solstice of the Sunflower," one of four "consecutive" pictures.

EXAMPLES OF THE ART OF THREE MODERNISTIC PAINTERS

PAUL NASH—"The Solstice of the Sunflower": A canvas which is stated to have an atomic touch and is the work of one of the leading modernistic artists of the day. It is now on exhibition at Tooth's Galleries

MATTHEW SMITH—"Fitzroy Street No. 2": One of the remarkable creations of a Chelsea artist who has never exhibited at the Royal Academy

STANLEY SPENCER—"Parents Resurrecting": Another artistic conception to puzzle and perplex the layman. Stanley Spencer has always been well known for his independence of outlook

DÜRER'S HOUSE IN NUREMBERG

A Victim of the War

The mutilation of the Albrecht Dürer house in Nuremberg, which is here recorded by our artist, took place in the R.A.F. raid of January 2, 1945, when this Nazi stronghold was subjected to tremendous attack in the space of twenty minutes. The house is not beyond repair, and it is assumed that one day, when Germany takes its turn to be rebuilt, it will assume its former aspect

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S "ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY": A celebrated engraving by the master of Nuremberg, whose moral fervour did so much to foster Protestantism in Germany

A VISION OF THE DESOLATION TO COME: Dürer's chalk drawing of "King Death," which is the property of the British Museum, was done over 440 years before ruin was to descend upon Nuremberg, razing its ancient streets and houses

***Below*—THE HOUSE OF ALBRECHT DÜRER AS IT IS TO-DAY:** The old building that was for centuries the goal of tourists still stands, but it has been terribly mutilated by the bombing, and it is presumed that most of the priceless furnishings within have been destroyed. There is a gaping cavity where once was the main doorway, and the ancient timberwork has been sadly damaged—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

ONE OF THE MUTILATED GLORIES OF ANCIENT NUREMBERG: The house of Albrecht Dürer, the great pioneer artist of the Renaissance in Germany, as it appeared in the days before the war, when it was the main objective of nearly every tourist visiting the medieval city. Now it has been very seriously damaged by bombing, but sufficient of the framework stands to render reconstruction possible. Dürer acquired this Gothic building in 1509, and it was one of the city's earlier stone-built houses—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE RESULT OF THE CASCADE RAID OF JANUARY 2, 1945: A glimpse of the medieval city of Nuremberg, where Dürer wrought so many of his masterpieces, as it appeared after the devastating attack which only lasted twenty minutes but laid a great part of the city in ruins. When the Nazi Party came into being in the 1920's, Nuremberg was chosen as a centre for its activities, and it was there that the Annual Rally took place every year, to the familiar accompaniment of propaganda and fist-shaking

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE REIGN OF GEORGE V.—Time flies along and it is hard to realise that King George VI has already reigned as long as did his grandfather, Edward VII, who gave his name to an epoch. George VI has certainly done no less already, albeit we have not yet composed the appropriate label. Meanwhile, his father's reign has lost interest for the public and has been curiously overshadowed, considering its importance in history. The history of a nation—indeed, the story of human life—is a catalogue of moral reactions from what has gone before. These reactions guide the course of politics also, which, broadly, are but efforts to satisfy the expressed ideals of peoples.

Arising from satiety or from the realisation of failure in the practices, fashions and institutions of the past, they start imperceptibly, trickle down and join forces, until they swell to the magnitude of a stream whose current is irresistible. Such reactions are not the bursting of a dam so much as the confluence of a thousand trickles, whose sources cannot be discovered and whose origins no man can claim to know. They are for ever breaking out, for ever on the move.

Hence it is that no era is a single or isolated chapter in the history of mankind, and the historian, who, to make his record intelligible, must divide it into phases, is hard put to it to find dates for his sub-divisions. It is tempting to him to close his chapters with the deaths of sovereigns. It is a division to which the public mind is habituated. In its experience, a new reign signifies a new era. The Victorian, the Edwardian, the Georgian Era, each stands for something very distinct and perfectly clear in the public mind, if each label is hard to express in words. But if one examines deeper, one usually finds the origins of those human impulses which give a designation to one era clearly visible in that which preceded it.

In the great Liberal revival of 1906 in the Edwardian Age, a clamant minority of a new political party—the Socialists—was first in evidence, and very swiftly induced the new Government to put on the Statute Books a series of measures which immensely improved the lot of the workers and the lower classes generally. Yet the reaction which brought about those Liberal reforms was clearly in evidence in a hundred converging trickles in 1880.

In that year a combination of misfortunes had let loose a veritable flood of grievances, and the rise of Socialism might as fairly be dated from 1880 (if not much earlier) as from the Parliament of 1906. One label of the Fifth Georgian Age is "the mechanical age," the era of scientific triumphs. Yet the origin of those machines and inventions of science which were to transform human life and political and social conditions had reached beyond the "imperceptible" in the reign of Edward VII.

The Ending of Security.—Middle-aged men may perhaps agree that if there is one thing which distinguishes the age of George V from the Edwardian Age, it is to be found in the phrase "a sense of permanence and security." Every reign has its wars and rumours of wars. Every nation is composed in part of classes to whom the words permanence and security seem for ever unattainable ideals. But the fact remains that, though wars were fought or were threatened in the Victorian and Edwardian reigns, the lives of British citizens at home were not uprooted by these wars.

And though a sense of permanence and security was no very solid asset to the underdog in pre-Georgian days, and is hardly so yet, right up to the First Great War, the Age of Privilege, which was so unconscionable a time a-dying, was very much alive, and had, indeed, enjoyed a particularly brilliant last kick in the Edwardian Age.

For the privileged classes, life was still very easy and very brilliant; more easy, perhaps, and certainly more brilliant than in the Victorian Era. There was a hardness, a smartness, a polish, a snap, which set Society spinning gaily. Money was easily made and spent freely. The articulate minority was proud of its cleverness, its realism, its new adroitness, and was in no doubt that, as that cleverness increased, life would become even more easy and full and brilliant; and though Liberal and Socialist levelling measures were beginning to clip the wings of privilege, they had not yet succeeded in curtailing its flights.

Such measures, indeed, at first appeared merely to enlarge the circle of privilege, when the inner ring welcomed into Society a new class of rich men as allies in money-winning and boon companions in money-spending.

The great country houses were as luxurious as ever, hecatombs of pheasants were reared for the guns of the privileged, the palaces of London blazed with tiaras and electric light, and, come what might, those in the circle and on its fringe still retained the comfortable sense that what had been would continue to be, and that all our brilliant yesterdays were but a prelude to more brilliant to-morrows.

The Age of Privilege died in the reign of King George V, and within three years of his accession there remained to no class in the nation that sense of permanence and security which had so long lulled a part of it to sleep. Nor has that comfortable sense ever revived.

George V's Achievement.—The great achievement of King George V was not that he re-established the Monarchy or gave it back its popularity. He followed two of the greatest sovereigns in our history, both of whom died in the odour of national admiration, both of whom were very efficient sovereigns of their day. For both, it has indeed been claimed that they were the greatest sovereigns since William the Conqueror.

King George's achievement was twofold. He created a new conception of Constitutional Monarchy, to meet entirely new conditions; and he supplied to his people that leadership (in the person of their King) which they had come to need when the very pillars of their house crumbled about their heads. Before his reign, the sense of security and permanence which they enjoyed was all the support they needed. They asked no leadership, unless of fashion, from their sovereigns. They had all the support they needed in their security and traditions, if they were of the privileged class; in their lesser chosen leaders, in their causes and the faith that was in them, if they were of the working class.

History will one day judge that King George VI's achievements owed much to the example set by his father, and that in following so closely in his father's footsteps, he set the seal on a very great new conception of constitutional monarchy put in practice by King George V in days nearly comparable in danger and stress and political upheaval with the present.

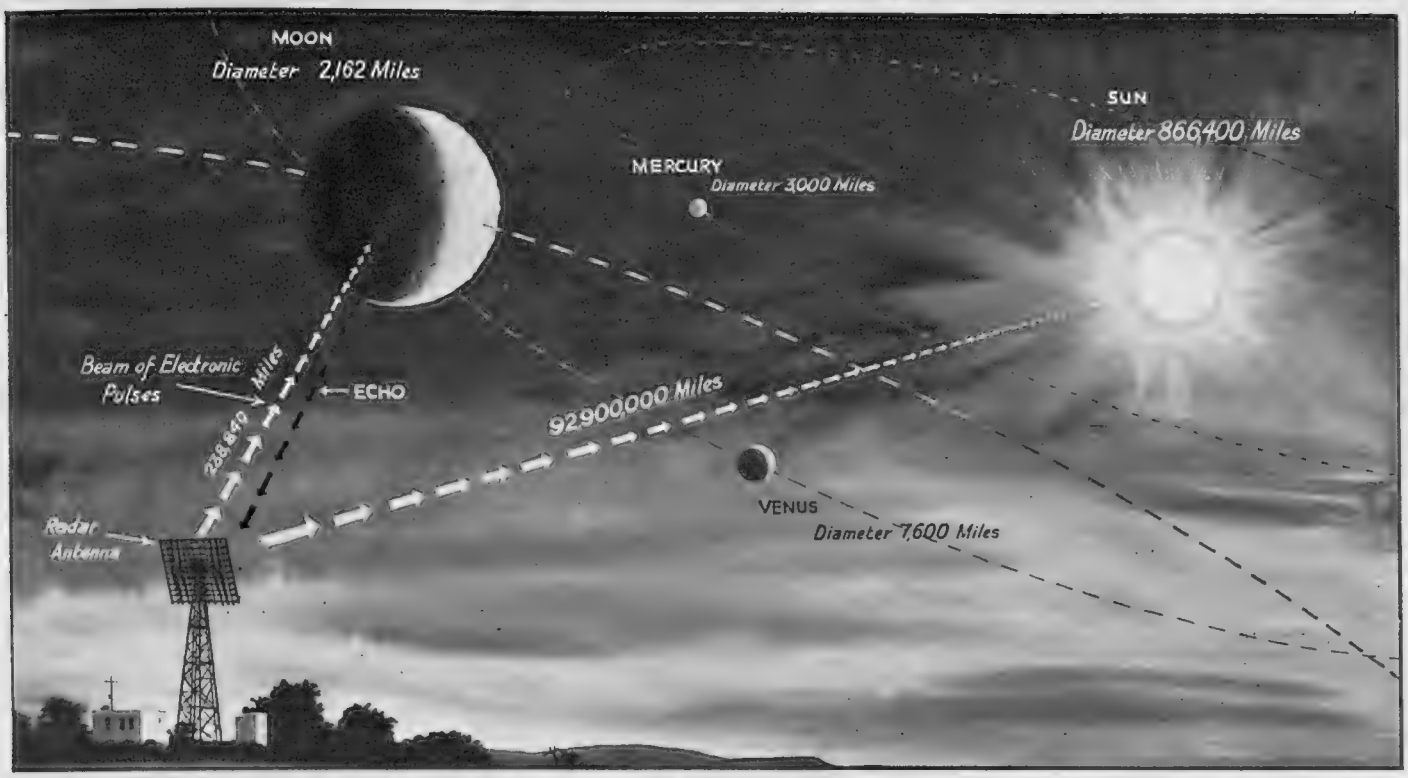
PREPARING FOR TELEVISION BROADCASTS: Testing the control panel in the Vision Transmitter Room at Alexandra Palace, North London, where the equipment has been thoroughly overhauled in preparation for the resumption of the pre-war service in an improved and extended form. At a recent Press reception at the Alexandra Palace the new officials were introduced, among them being Miss Jasmine Bligh, who acted as announcer with such success before the war

RIVALS MEET: The Earl of Darnley greets the masterful Bothwell, while Mary Stuart stands between them. An episode from "Golden Eagle," the new play by Clifford Bax, which has just been presented at the Westminster Theatre. David Read plays the part of Darnley, Claire Luce is Mary, and Torin Thatcher is Bothwell. On the right is Mary Beaton (Mary Honer), lady-in-waiting to the Queen

"The Golden Eagle"

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

GOLDEN EAGLE (Westminster).—Mr. Clifford Bax's *Golden Eagle* is an excursion not to Margate, but to fairly distant history. He shows us a couple of years in the tragic life of Mary Queen of Scots and the showing took a good deal more than a couple of hours. But I found almost every moment of deep interest. There are thrills in his play, but they occur quite naturally and do not depart from the truth. For those who must, of course, have a love-interest in any play, here are Mary's two boy friends, Darnley (Mr. David Read) and Bothwell (Mr. Torin Thatcher). For the lovers of stage murder, Rizzio (Mr. John Byron) is most realistically done to death *coram populo*. The Queen is played with grace, dignity and keen intelligence by Miss Claire Luce. The part is immensely long and cannot have been at all easy. A very notable achievement.

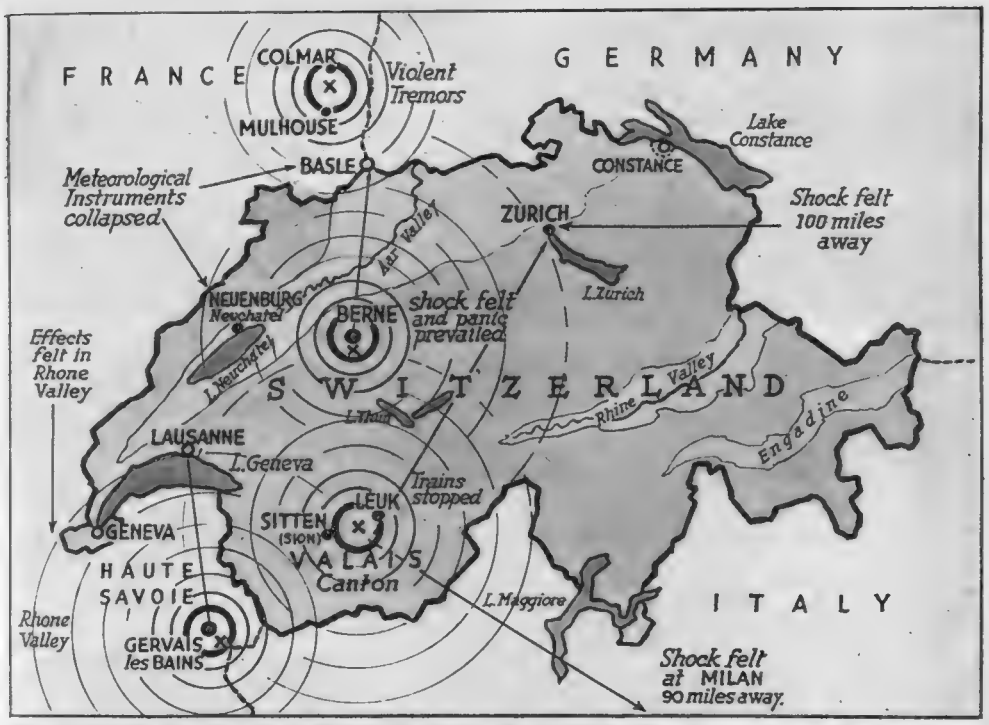


WORLD SCIENTISTS MAKE CONTACT WITH THE SUN AND MOON: While U.S. Army Signal Corps experts have succeeded in obtaining radar echoes from the moon 2½ seconds after the transmission of electronic impulses, British research has of late been concentrated on the sun, 92,900,000 miles away, with a view to studying conditions at sunspot maximum—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

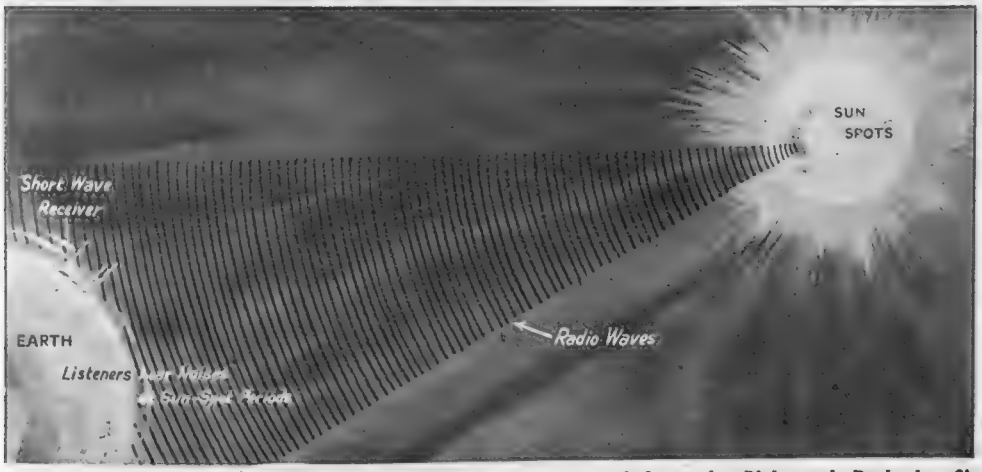
RADIO CONTACT with the SUN and MOON

And Other News of Scientific Interest

***On left*—When radar** contact was made recently with the moon at Belmar Signal Station, New Jersey, experts declared that the experiment opened up the possibility of controlling planes in the stratosphere. At the same time, British scientists have been concentrating their attention upon the sun, as this is a period of abnormal sunspot activity, and it is expected that a study of these emissions may lead to discoveries of the utmost scientific and practical importance



THE WIDESPREAD AREA OF EARTHQUAKE SHOCK IN SWITZERLAND: A sketch-map showing where the seismograph recorded the principal tremors during the recent earthquake which affected the whole of the country. In the Berne region there was panic in the streets, and the town of Sitten, in Valais Canton, suffered heavily, the streets being filled with debris

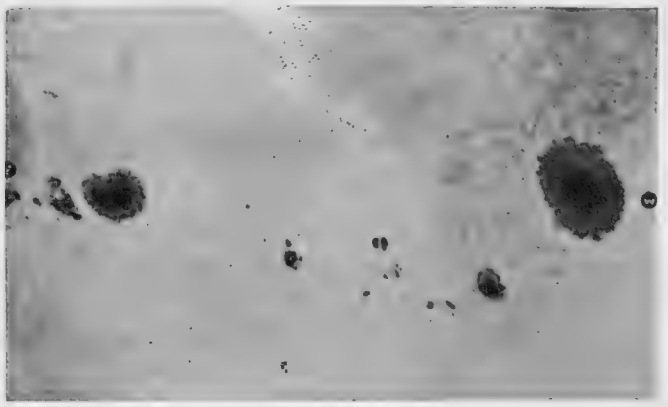


SUNSPOTS' EFFECT ON RADIO WAVES: Demonstrations carried on in Richmond Park by Sir Edward Appleton have shown that when a standard anti-aircraft radar set fitted with a more powerful aerial is directed towards the sun, the present sunspot activity has the effect of creating a hissing noise on the receiver. The hiss is loud enough to be heard some yards away from the cabin, but when the aerial is turned from the sun it ceases immediately. The effect is shown at the same time as a disturbance on the cathode-ray tube within the cabin. The importance of the discovery lies partly in the fact that it will give early warning of wireless fade-outs and of the possibility of magnetic storms

***On right*—OBJECTS OF INTENSE INVESTIGATION: A group of spots on the sun's surface as seen through the great telescopes at Greenwich Observatory.** The larger spot on the extreme right is about 800,000,000 square miles in area, or 32,000 miles in diameter. The effect of these spots on radio and on the growth of vegetation is now being closely studied

ALARM IN THE STREETS OF SIERRE: Citizens, frightened by the first tremors which shook their town, stand out in the open awaiting further possible developments. A typical scene during the recent earthquakes in Switzerland, when a large portion of the country was affected. It was the most severe earthquake the Swiss have experienced since 1855. The tremors were accompanied by a thunderous roar underground and in the air, reminiscent of a hurricane, and it was this that did so much to upset the population. Electric power stations in the Valais region ceased to function for a while, plunging the locality into darkness, while countless telephone-lines were severed

INTENSE BURSTS OF RADIO WAVES are now coming from the region of the sunspots, as this is the period of their eleven-year cycle of activity. These emissions are now the subject of intense research by British scientists



The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

GUY GIBSON'S STORY OF MÖHNE

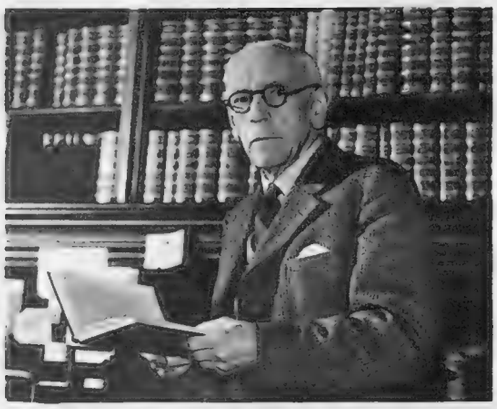
The English and American Approach to Crime in Fiction: "Claudia" has Popular Appeal, Despite a "Too-good-to-be-true" Theme: A Boy Who Voyaged with Anson

IN his introduction to **ENEMY COAST AHEAD** (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), Air Chief-Marshal Harris writes: "This is a magnificent story, well and simply told by as great a warrior as these Islands ever bred." It is the story of Bomber Command, as it was known to Wing Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C. He was the man—and his portrait shows him to have been gay, young and good-looking—who led the attack on the Möhne and Eder Dams in 1943, in which eight out of sixteen planes were lost, but the damage done to the German war effort was incalculable.

The book closes with his account of this exploit, as he crossed the Dutch coast with his surviving aircraft and saw England in the distance. "We would be coming back" are the last words of his book, and the most tragic, for indeed he went back against the advice of his friends who knew him to have exceeded the operational period already, and on a very successful bombing operation was heard to give his crews a pat on the back over the radio and start them homeward. He never returned.

This book, which was completed very shortly before he flew over the enemy coast on that last mission, is the best memorial that Bomber Command and Wing Commander Gibson himself could have had.

English and American detective stories—and, I suppose, English and American detectives—are so unlike each other as hardly to belong to the same class of fiction. Each country may pride itself on doing this kind of thing particularly well, and so they do, but their ways of doing it are chalk-and-cheese in their contrast. Roughly, the English approach to crime in fiction is through character; the American through action. In fact, I sometimes wonder if the American reputation for hustle is not based on wide reading of their thrillers. I feel convinced that it is more genuinely present there than in their articulate but very deliberate business life.



LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS UNDER NINE PRIME MINISTERS: Mr. John Vivian Kitto, who has been at Westminster for nearly forty years and who is now about to retire. Mr. Kitto went to the House of Commons as Assistant Librarian in the days of Campbell Bannerman, when Labour Members sat for the first time as a distinct party and the Liberals dominated political life. Mr. Kitto is succeeded by Mr. Hilary St. George Saunders

An English writer will give you the clues, but the key to the clues will, in nine cases out of ten, be in the plausibility or implausibility of one of his characters behaving in a certain way. The American writer, on the other hand, will give you the clues and let you work out for yourself whether it was possible for a fast roadster to get from point A to point B in the time marked by the traffic cop's stop-watch.

Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner is of this second school, and very handsomely he represents it. He has written a series about a forceful young lawyer, for instance, who has cut his office work down to the minimum and is generally dashing about the town and countryside in an effort to save his client from a wrongful accusation by drawing red-herrings smartly across the D.A.'s trail. (D.A. is District Attorney, for beginners in this class.)

His new novel about this gentleman shows Perry Mason in the process of solving **THE CASE OF THE BURIED CLOCK** (Cassell. 8s. 6d.), against a California background that has no reference to Hollywood, and yet manages to be attractive and even exciting. The story follows a well-known formula, but still has freshness, and the total result is a very competent thriller.

In its English way, **GREEN DECEMBER FILLS THE GRAVEYARD** (Pilot Press. 8s. 6d.) is as typical of its country's style. Indeed, this is an excellent example, since the character-drawing here is very good indeed; no single person seems stereotyped, and the solution does greatly depend on a sensible totting-up of possibilities as suggested by different natures. The publishers present it as a first detective story by a new writer with enough vitality to electrify an armchair, and I'd agree with that if an electric armchair didn't have rather sinister connotations for me. Hardly the place for a quiet evening, at any rate.

Miss Maureen Sarsfield may indeed be a new writer, but she is one who already knows her stuff, and nothing could be either more convincing or more evocative of terrors and general unpleasantness than her Victorian Gothic towers, wreathed in chill Channel mists. She has invented, too, a heroine of considerable interest who might almost equally well have been the villainess, and a neat twist at the end of her story which, paradoxically, is all the better for not affecting the plot one iota.

Both these books are recommended to the discriminating.

And then there is Miss Pamela Wynne, with her specialised type of naïve young heroine, who provokes in some readers the desire, I *suppose*, to cherish her, and in others to give her a swift kick, and is now presented as a naïve middle-aged heroine, still an absolute child at heart and in speech, but with the wisdom of the truly innocent about her.

PINEAPPLE PLACE (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is the record of this lady's goings-on, which principally take place in a south coast hotel, with very occasional side-trips to London to meet the distinguished novelist she will eventually marry. Nothing could be more guileless than this lady, even when she falls in love with a man almost twenty years her junior; and nothing could equal her horror when he makes one or two practical suggestions. Adolescent or nothing, our little heroine.

But what is so curious, and so worthy of remark, is that nothing, also, could be said in contradiction of the readability of this book. Miss Wynne accurately describes the perfectly real types of people about whom she is writing, and, I should say, accurately gauges the effect of her story on the people, equally real, for whom she is writing. This is by no means a slipshod piece of work, nor is it insincere. What is more, the author can tell a story, and those are three very valid reasons why this book will probably sell out in the first week of its publication.

CLAUDIA (W. H. Allen. 9s. 6d.) is the same sort of too-good-to-be-true theme, though done with more wit, and in an American setting. This is the story, by Miss Rose Franken, which has appeared as a play, as a film and as a radio programme. It has also been serialised and, for all I know, appeared as cartoon story-strips. There can be no doubt, therefore, that it has popular appeal. And there can be no doubt, either, that if I had read it without all that ballyhoo I should have considered that I had come across something rather special. In a small way, perhaps, but still pretty special, although I don't think I would ever have foreseen such wide success for it.

The story is of a very young girl who, Originality No. 1, does not marry an understanding middle-aged man, but a young and extremely good-looking man who is neither a gigolo nor a faithless hound, but a man who happens to love her enough to stand her cooking. Claudia has a mother who has brought her up in cotton-wool, but who is still a step or two this side of the impossible, and who is handled—Originality No. 2—with consummate tact by the young man. The couple live in a New York apartment, and have a baby. They move out into the country with the baby and add a cow and some Great Danes to their household. Their perfect little eighteenth-century house has just enough rooms for a nursery, a spare room for Mamma, and a room for the perfect married couple they are lucky enough to acquire. Admittedly, it's an idyllic life. What lifts its recital from being insipid is the unexpected good sense of the young man, and the even less expected wit of the girl.

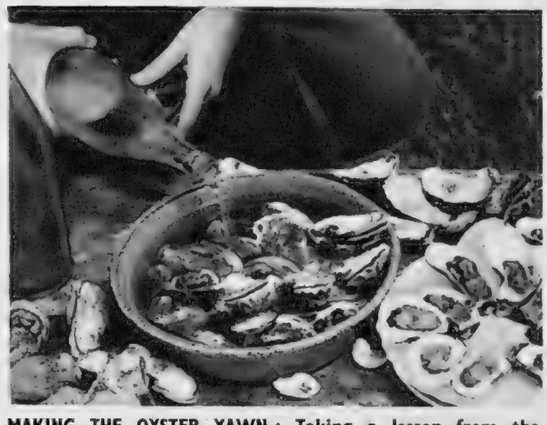
The point is really this: Claudia may have been exasperating or bewitching—or both—to live with, but she can never have been a bore.

It is more than 200 years since Commodore Anson's epic voyage round the world, a voyage from which he was to gain such experience as would be reflected by the Royal Navy for years to come.

A HEAVY DRINKER IN THE STALLS: A thirsty young guest enjoys his bottle of milk, while others watch the Punch and Judy show at Caxton Hall, Westminster, where the Showmen's Guild recently held a Victory Party for children. Youngsters from fairgrounds all over London and the Home Counties attended the party

ALL ABOARD THE "CENTURION" (Hollis and Carter. 6s.) is a version by Mr. Aloysius Roche of the adventures of a boy who ran away to sea and made the voyage with Anson.

Curiously, since the facts of this fifty-month voyage round Cape Horn to China and the Philippines and thence home are so thrilling in themselves, Mr. Roche has written a book that is less than exciting. It is, in fact, if the real background is known to you, a little tame. But if this chapter of history is unfamiliar, I suppose that this might very well serve as an introduction, for young people, to one of the greatest true stories of English sea-going prowess.



MAKING THE OYSTER YAWN: Taking a lesson from the starfish, which injects a harmless anæsthetic into oyster shells in order to facilitate their opening, Dr. Herbert F. Prytherch, head of the U.S. Fisheries Laboratory at Beaufort, North Carolina, has discovered that the same effect can be achieved with plain soda water. "First tumble your oysters about in a bowl to make them groggy," he says, "and then douse them liberally with soda water. They will soon start yawning, and then it is only a matter of seconds before they are ready for the table"

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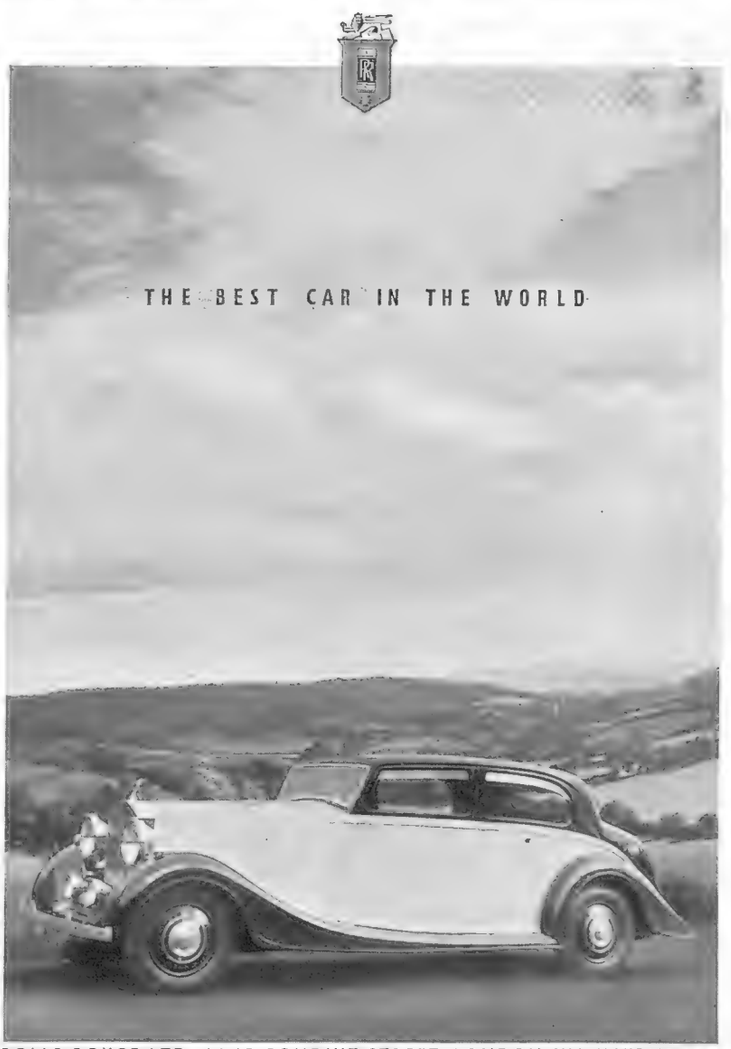

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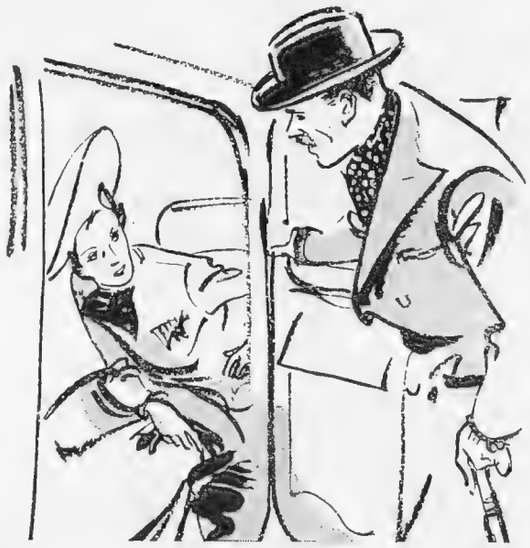

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WILLIAM LYE PATTISON** is a Yorkshireman from Middlesbrough. His whole life, like those of his grandfather and his uncle before him, has been bound up with salt and after 50 years in the industry there is very little about it that he does not know. On leaving Middlesbrough High School at seventeen he went to a small salt works as junior clerk in an office with a staff of two — the junior clerk and the manager! During the next three years Mr. Pattison took every opportunity of escaping from his office desk into the works, where a natural "flair" for engineering enabled him to pick up a good working knowledge of the technical side of the business. When he was twenty he moved to a larger works as an accountant. That was forty-seven years ago. There he still is, having been in turn cashier, assistant secretary and now manager. "Salt" to Mr. Pattison means not only domestic table salt, but some twenty other kinds for purposes varying from clearing snow from city streets to curing herrings, and from making soap to smelting copper. The various kinds of salt differ from each other not in chemical composition — all salt is, chemically speaking, sodium chloride — but in the size and hardness of the crystals. These are controlled by the speed at which the brine from underground deposits is evaporated. An evaporating pan will produce fine grain table salt at the rate of perhaps three batches a day, but the coarse grain "fishery salt" used for curing herrings may stay in the pan fourteen days. No matter what kind of salt is mentioned, Mr. Pattison will know all about it, from the drilling of the original brine well to deciding whether the finished product is suited to a British soapworks or a Danish bacon-curing factory.

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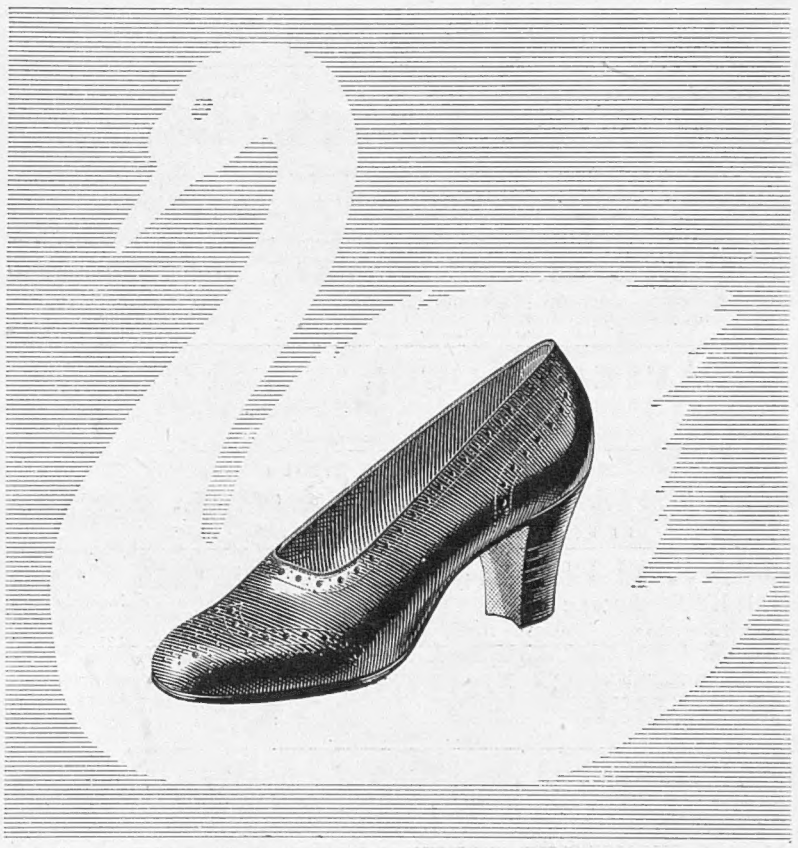

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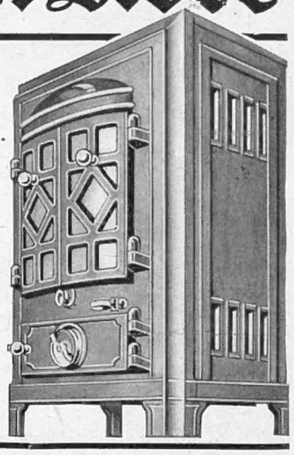

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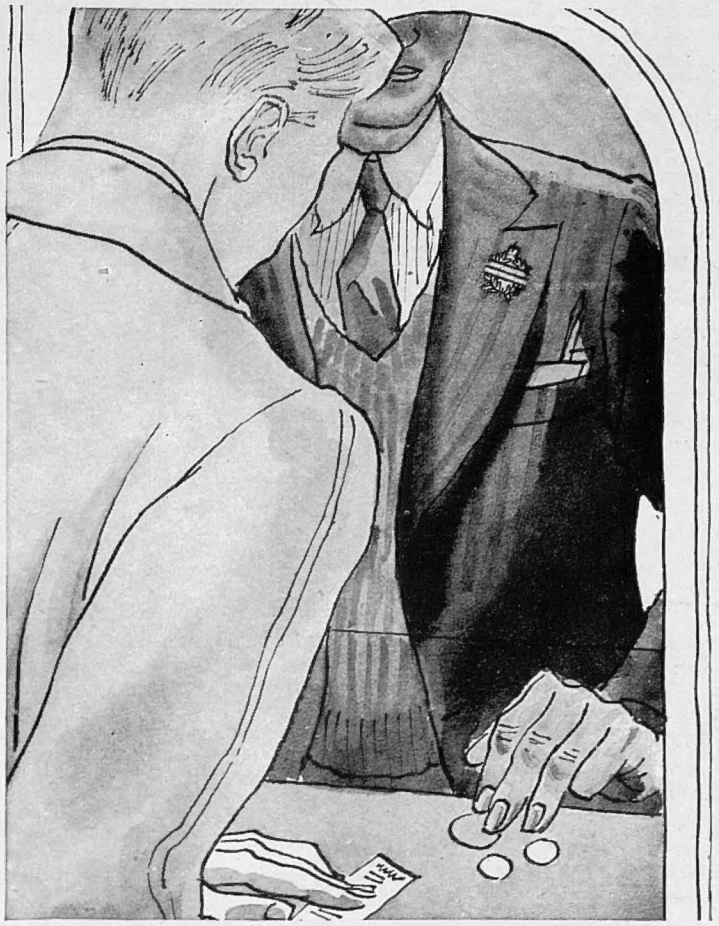

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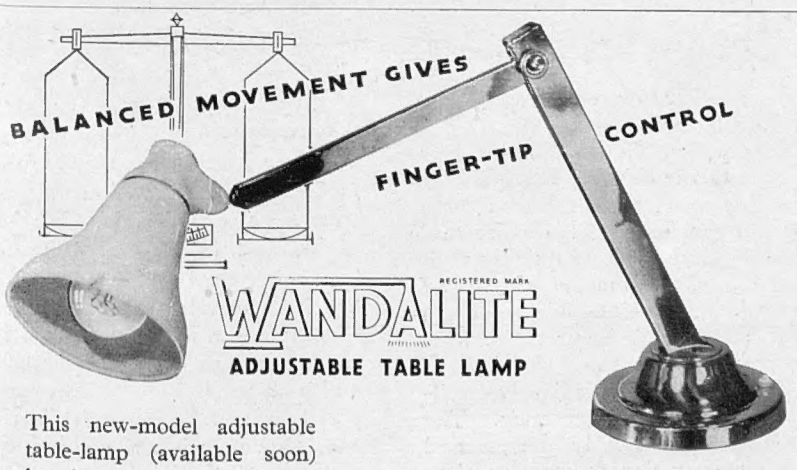

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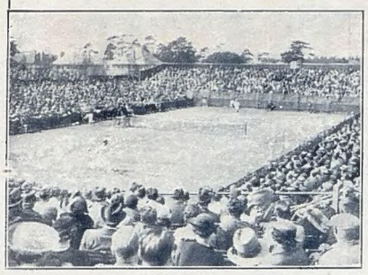

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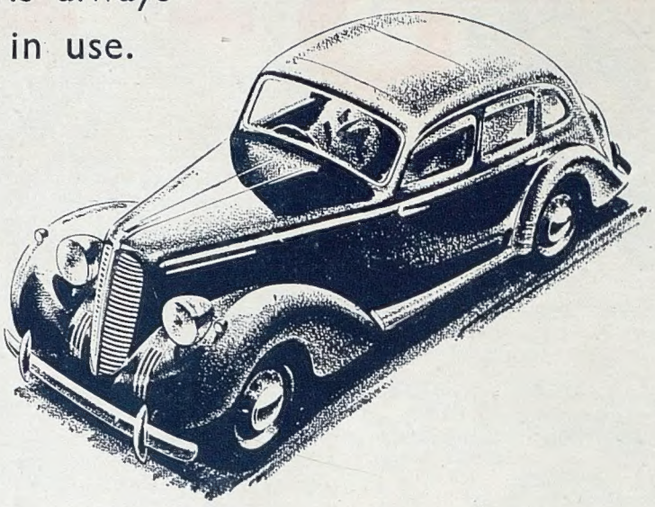

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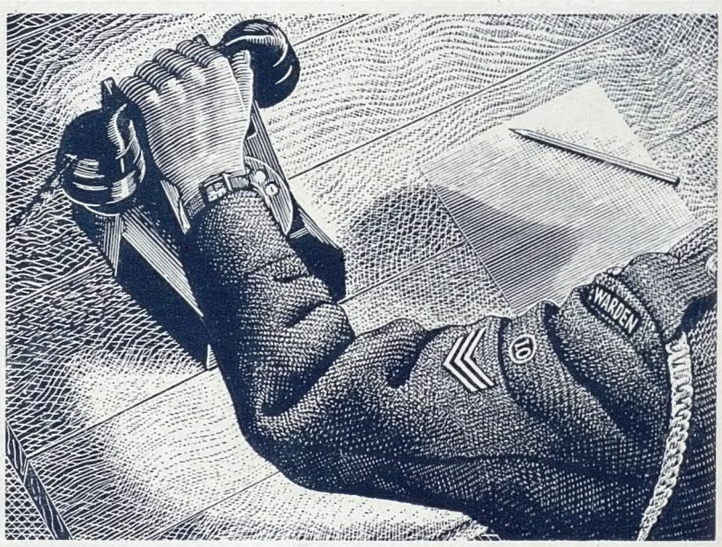

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